THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No. 974

AUGUST 2, 1922

[Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

NEW SERIAL: "IF SUMMER DON'T," BY BARRY PAIN

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
Spinet The SUPER Mixture
2/2 per 2oz.
In enamelled pocket tins.

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By Appointment to

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Stomach Troubles in Infancy

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It prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion and is at all times a safe and effective aperient.

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Knickers to match, wide leg and elastic at waist.

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FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.

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IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive Tea Frocks suitable for holiday wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

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PRACTICAL TEA FROCK in rich soft satin with large hanging sleeves in Georgette to tone, waist mounted on elastic and finished with sash and flowers. In a large assortment of colours and black.

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New lace stitch Coat made of super quality Alpaca yarn, with narrow stripe and edging of artificial silk in a contrasting shade, made in a most attractive range of colours, suitable for indoor or outdoor wear.

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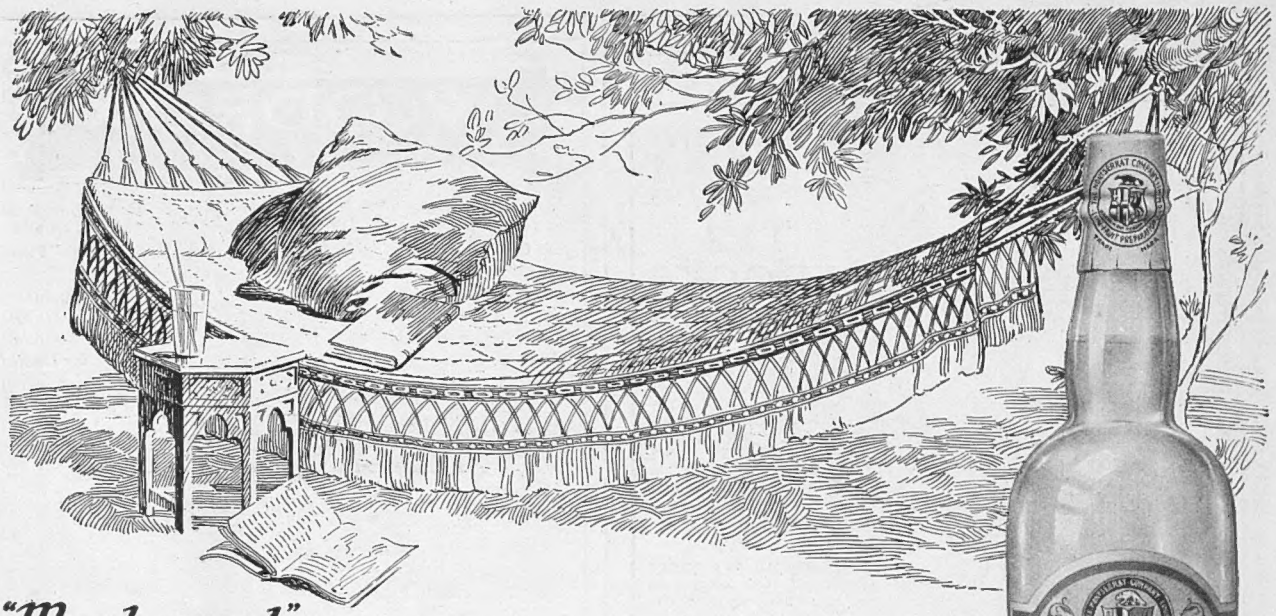

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ISLE OF MAN

BELFAST
PORTRUSH
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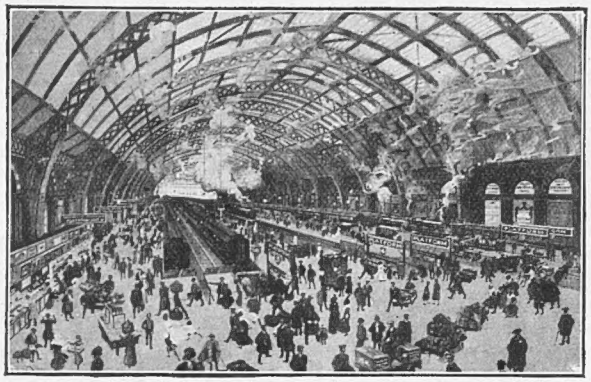

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EDINBURGH
AND
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HIGHLANDS

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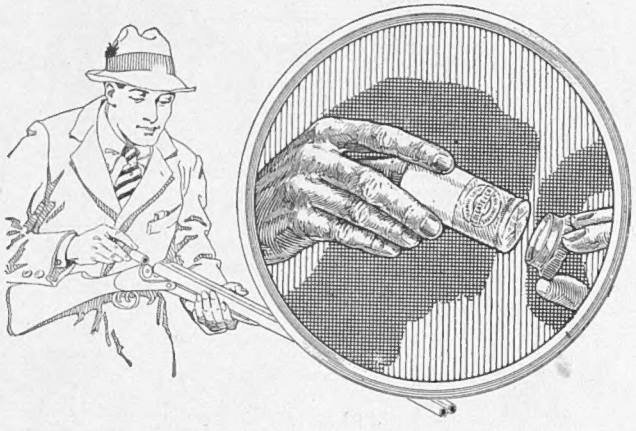
Through Midland Connecting Services from Principal Towns.

MIDLAND RAILWAY, DERBY, 1922. *FRANK TATLOW, General Manager.*



Like re-charging a Gun

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this Coupon (or mention this paper) with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick free.

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PUTTING a Colgate "Refill" Shaving Stick into the "Handy Grip" is as simple as slipping a cartridge into a gun.

The metal "Handy Grip" and Container last for years. When you need "Refills" buy them for the price of the soap alone. The soap itself is threaded to screw into the "Handy Grip," and the small stub removed from the socket can be moistened and stuck upon the end of the "Refill."

There is no waste.

Colgate's Shaving Stick is a little more economical in use than powder, and much more economical than cream. As we make all three we can give you this impartial advice.

Price 1/3 Everywhere. Refills 1/-

COLGATE'S HANDY GRIP

The Refill Shaving Stick

CHARMING PRINCESS PETTICOATS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

This delightful Princess Petticoat is an exact copy of a French model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk crêpe de Chine. It is cut on most becoming lines, and is suitable for day or evening wear.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch in pure silk crêpe de Chine, new long waisted bodice and dainty pointed skirt, edged fine lace, bodice trimmed hemstitching and finished with satin ribbon shoulder straps. In Pink, Sky, Yellow, Ivory, Ochre, Black and Mauve.

PRICE
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In good quality triple ninon. In Pink, Ivory, Yellow, Mauve, Black and Sky, **59/6**

Dainty Lace Dutch Boudoir Cap, **21/9**

Sent on approval.

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FOR

Health in Hot Weather!

A Bottle of "SANITAS,"—Nature's Purifier—(with Reversible Cork for sprinkling) repays a hundredfold its trivial cost! "Sanitas" re-vivifies the hot, stuffy, stale atmosphere of bedrooms, nurseries, crowded shops, offices and warehouses, in fact, wherever humanity works or sleeps. Sprinkled about the floors (not on the carpet) "Sanitas" gives, as by magic, a soothing, invigorating and deodorant freshness. It restores the vital oxygen, and banishes discomfort and disease.

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Old Matured

DRY GIN

straw coloured because it is matured in wood.

Millburn Highland

WHISKY

from the famous Distillery at Inverness. Perfectly Matured. Finest Quality.

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Booth's Distillery Ltd.,

Established 1740.

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and at Millburn Distillery, Inverness.

Attain Beauty simply and naturally

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

are the greatest corrective and beautifying preparations ever produced. The following are just a few of many, each of which meets a specific need:—

Venetian Cleansing Cream
is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing, instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Ardena Skin Tonic
A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Orange Skin Food
Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream
nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Pore Cream
A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and refines even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

TO be beautiful is a woman's natural longing: imagine then her lavish generosity if, with one twist of a magic ring, she could turn into anything she wished.

The opening of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon at 25 Old Bond Street has brought within reach of every woman a means of attaining beauty, as simple as the twist of a magic ring. This wonderful scientific Treatment is the outcome of a life study in every phase of health and beauty culture.

It is easy and natural; it tones up sagging muscles and coaxes the skin into perfect smoothness, through improved and stimulated circulation.

Call and consult Elizabeth Arden at 25 Old Bond Street, or write for "The Quest of the Beautiful," a booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations.

Telephone Regent 5565 for appointment.

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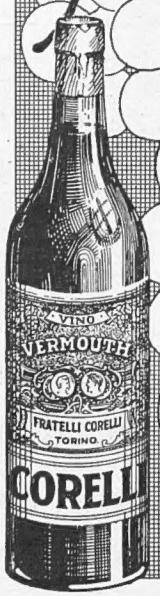

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Drink Corelli *neat* as a wine tonic, *with soda* as a summer beverage, with *Gin* as an apéritif, and in *all* your cocktails.

From all leading Wine Merchants and Stores, 3/6 per bottle, 4/3 per litre.

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Established over a Century.

The Bystander, August 2, 1922 No. 974. Vol. LXXV.

The BYSTANDER

BY D. L. GHILCHIK

"LISTENING - IN"

"I seem to have heard that 'air' before—if I'm not mistaken, it's by Zeppelin and Fokker!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45.
LYDIA LOPOKOVA, LEONIDE MASSINE, LYDIA SOKOLOVA, VERA SAVINA and LEON WOJCIKOWSKI in a Divertissement. MILTON HAYES, WILLIAM CAXTON and CO., BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA CHORUS, "THE DISORDERLY ROOM," THE ANSEROULS, Etc.

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15 & August 7.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Evgs. 8.30.
Archie Naish and a piano, followed at 9 by
Irene Vanbrugh in "BELINDA."
Matinées, Wednesday and Thursday at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15 & August 7.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Mai Bacon, Derek Oldham, Margaret Campbell.

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE BAT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart & Avery Hopwood.
ARTHUR WONTNER EVA MOORE.

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BATH
POWDER
7/6
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will provide for a fortnight's holiday in the Country for a poor slum kiddie.
THOUSANDS
of ailing and necessitous London children are in need of a change.
The Children's Country Holiday Fund are hoping to send 20,000 away this year, but many, many more
ARE WANTING TO GO.
Will you make your own holiday the brighter, the better, by sending something to the EARL OF ARRAN, 18, Buckingham St., Strand, London.

NEW TAILORED
SHIRTS
FOR HOLIDAY OR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

This Smart Tailored Shirt is cut on full lines, and is made from rich quality crepe de Chine, and is particularly suitable for Sports or Country wear.
WELL TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) in heavy quality crepe de Chine with collar, cuffs and vest of smart coloured stripes, made to slip over head and to wear inside skirt, detachable vest which fastens under revers with small button. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.
PRICE
59/6
In sizes 15 and 15½ inches, 2/- extra.
Catalogue post free
Sent on approval
Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London.W.

STRAKER-SQUIRE
The Famous 4 cyl. Model Perfected
Chassis Price £650 15-20 h.p. Tax £20
STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD. EDMONTON. LONDON. N.18.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Revival

THE buttonhole is coming back. Society has given the lead, and what Ascot did yesterday Palmer's Green will be doing to-morrow. Perhaps the news will not thrill some of my young readers, but I am old enough to remember those spacious days when large, florid men dropped into the Club with large, florid buttonholes, and told you all about them, and about the gardens in which they grew.

On Buying Buttonholes

THOSE big men who supported big carnations and bigger begonias brought a touch of the country into the life of the jaded Londoner. You looked at the wonderful blossom, and you had embarked on a course of intensive horticulture before you could say "knife." For the important thing about a buttonhole is that it should be home grown. To buy a buttonhole is as bad as buying fish at Clapham after you have toiled all day with a rod at Shepperton—and caught nothing.

That Beastly Bloom

THE large man came from Tooting town,
And in his splendid suit of brown
He wore a gay gardenia that
Was larger than a lady's hat.

He got me in my private room,
And talked about that beastly bloom
Until I kicked him through the hall—
Brown suit, gardenia and all!

That's ten long years ago. Alack!
The buttonhole is coming back.

Sunday Games

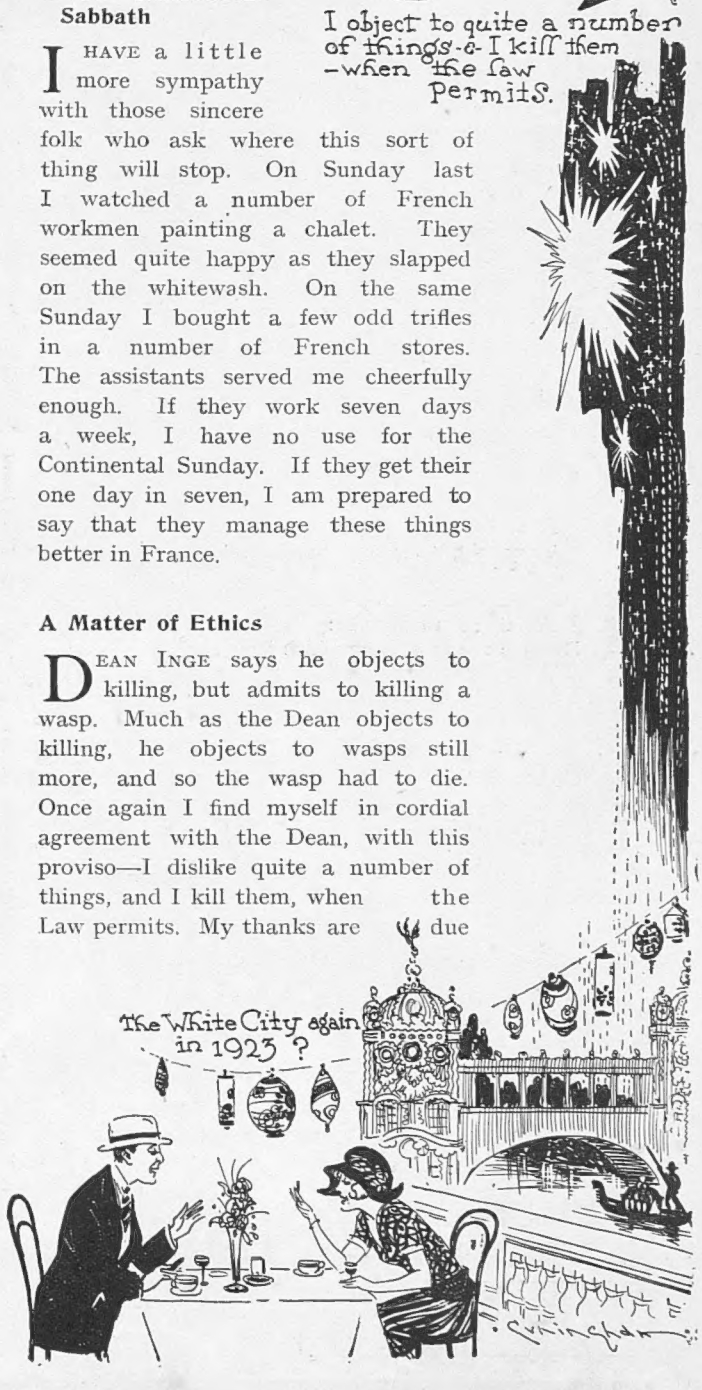
EVERYONE seems agreed that the experiment which resulted in Sunday games in the L.C.C. parks has proved an unqualified success. None of the terrible things broadcasted by the joyless ones seem to have transpired. Large crowds listened to the bands and watched the tennis. Hardened young criminals manned the miniature rowing and paddle-boats on Clapham and Tooting Commons, yet no fire fell from Heaven. Everybody was happy—with the exception of those people who think it is wicked to be happy on the seventh day!

That Continental Sabbath

I HAVE a little more sympathy with those sincere folk who ask where this sort of thing will stop. On Sunday last I watched a number of French workmen painting a chalet. They seemed quite happy as they slapped on the whitewash. On the same Sunday I bought a few odd trifles in a number of French stores. The assistants served me cheerfully enough. If they work seven days a week, I have no use for the Continental Sunday. If they get their one day in seven, I am prepared to say that they manage these things better in France.

A Matter of Ethics

DEAN INGE says he objects to killing, but admits to killing a wasp. Much as the Dean objects to killing, he objects to wasps still more, and so the wasp had to die. Once again I find myself in cordial agreement with the Dean, with this proviso—I dislike quite a number of things, and I kill them, when the Law permits. My thanks are due



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

to Dean Inge for clearing my conscience on this rather difficult problem.

The Real Reason

THE bad acoustics of the new County Hall have been attributed to a variety of reasons. For no extra charge I will give the *real* reason. It is all a question of the foundations on which the hall is built. Some years ago a hall was built in Australia which had wonderful acoustic properties. So wonderful, indeed, that an exact replica was built in the capital of a neighbouring State. Everything was identical—and yet the place was as full of echoes as a Government office is full of clerks. The trouble was traced to its source, and it was found that the foundations of the second hall were the cause. The L.C.C. have only to change the foundations of their excellent hall and the trouble will disappear.

By Victor Hicks

OVER-HEAD EXPENSE

Quite Simple

THE Alderman and Councillor
Were walking hand in hand;
The echoes of the County Hall
They couldn't understand.
"If we could hear each other speak,"
They said, "It would be grand."

Oh, Alderman! Oh, Councillor!
Permit me to explain:
Remove the ground on which it's built,
'Twill be as right as rain.
You've only got to pull it down
And build it up again!

The White City

THE news that we may expect a summer exhibition at the White City in 1923 is the best I have heard for a long time. Possibly I am a simple soul, but my mind still goes back to those pre-War days when we sipped our lager in the open air, while a military band added brightness and melody to the scene.

Rendezvous for a Rag

LONDON without an open-air entertainment is a very sad sort of London, as we have learnt to our cost. For one thing, we cannot frolic between four walls. The most discreet "rag" becomes impossible under such conditions. You become a public nuisance, and are very properly treated as such. But on the Wiggle Woggle you can give your high spirits full rein without hurting anybody's feelings.

Grateful Golfers

NATURE is full of compensations. The rat is about the only type of pest you can't account for—unless he has been introduced into the scheme of things to keep fox-terriers from getting bored. And, in giving us a wet summer, Nature has compensated a number of people for the drought of last year. Foremost among these grateful folk are, surely, the secretaries of golf clubs, who are getting their greens in good order—a proposition which looked pretty hopeless a few months back. By all means let us give the Devil—in this case the Clerk of the Weather—his due!

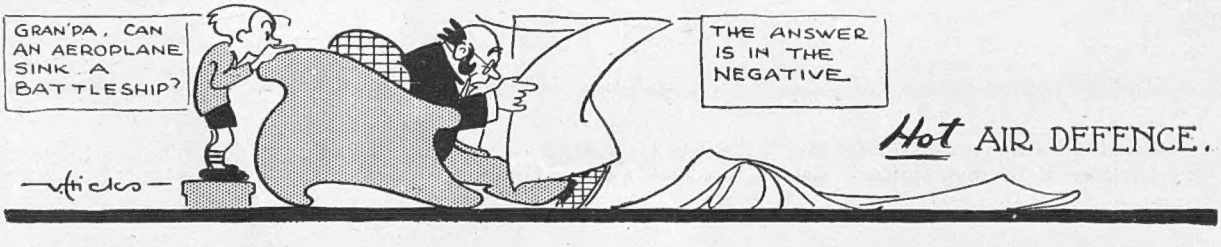
Pussyfoot in the Wars

I RESPECT enthusiastic wine-bibbers and similar sinners for not drawing a moral from the various vicissitudes through which Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson has passed during the last decade. He was torpedoed in the steamer *Hurunui*, and he was one of the passengers in the ill-fated *Remuera* which was recently in collision. It would be easy to suggest that Providence was not on the side of the angels, but our cheery topers have refrained—more power to their elbows!

The Cricket Championship

DISCUSSING who will win the cricket championship with only about another month to go before the season ends, "Googly" in this week's *Graphic* is inclined to back Surrey. Writing before Surrey's defeat by Kent, this well-known cricket authority says: One thing is certain (if the rest be lies), and it is that Middlesex are not going to be champions as they were in both 1920 and 1921. Apparently, that honour lies between Surrey, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire; and, although it is a very bold thing to do, I am inclined to think that Surrey will top the table when all is over bar the

(Continued on page 218)



A Wireless Hair-Raiser

BY E. T. REED

It is believed by the Hounslow Wireless Society that wireless waves preserve the hair and prevent people from going bald. From that to the cure of the most stubborn cases is, of course, a comparatively small advance—indeed, a mere matter of weeks!

shouting. Yorkshire are a very dour side, almost like a machine in some respects, and Notts are a very hard lot to beat, but Surrey seem to have the bit of dash and the confidence that should pull them through. Surrey was champion county in 1914, and, previous to then, in 1899.

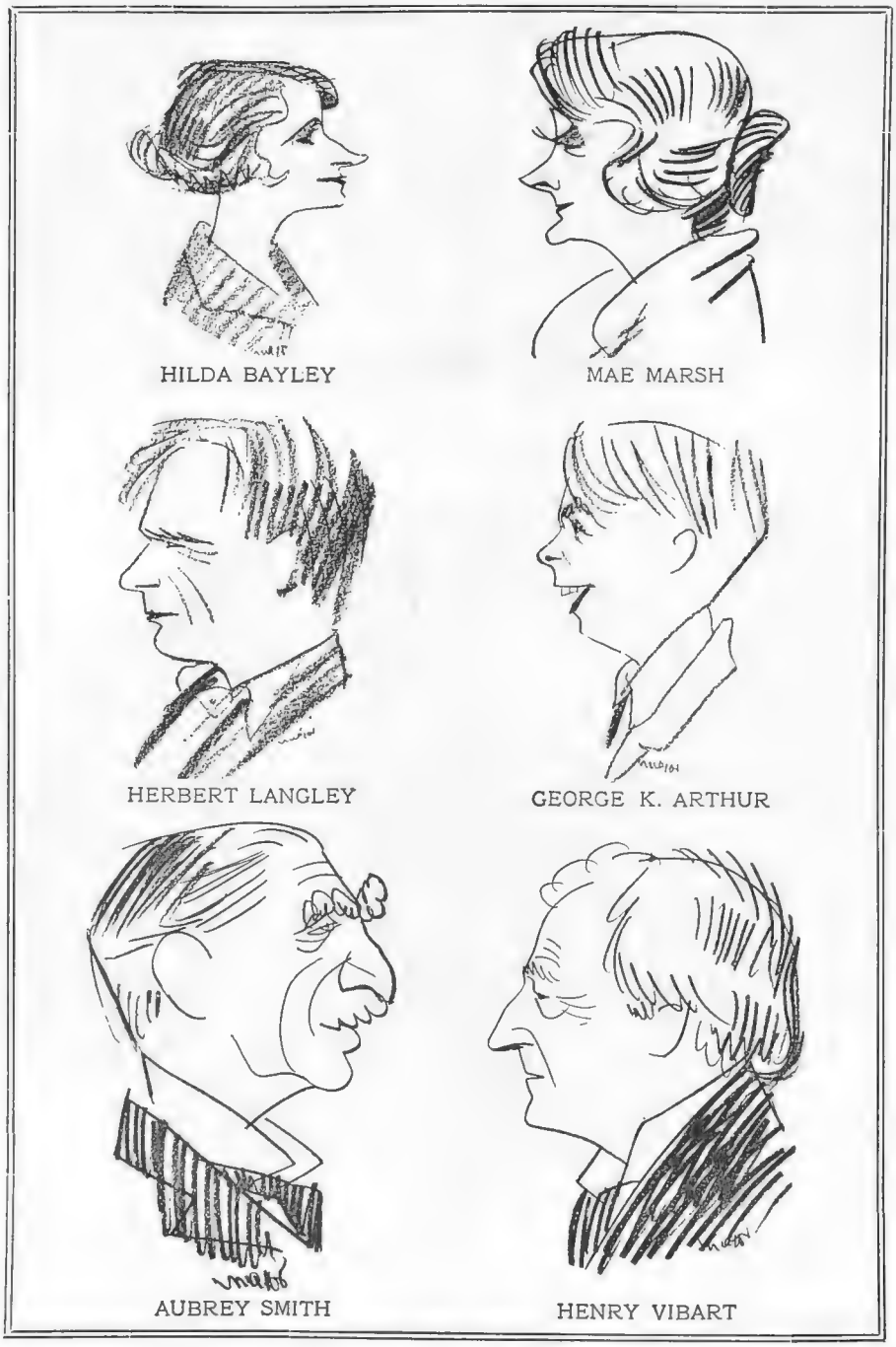
Real Romance

I was thrilled to the core by the story in my morning paper of the amateur matador who sprang into a Spanish arena and bagged a brace of bulls amid the plaudits of the multitude. There is nothing "penny plain" about that particular page of romance. The first four bulls had accounted for all the available matadors and there remained no sportsmen to kill the other two. Then, "at the critical moment, a young man jumped the barrier, and, straw hat in hand, begged the chairman's permission to try his hand." Splendid! The only English equivalent would be the unknown cricketer who walked into Lord's and scored 300 not out for the Gentlemen—and that sounds very tame in comparison.

Orange and Lemon

SENSATION! They are going to repaint the clock-faces of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. Rumour hath it that the dials will be coloured blue and the hands gold. But why stop at blue and gold? Why not orange and lemon?

Orange and lemon
Is the clock of St. Clement:
Orange the dial
And lemon the hand,
You note with a smile
As you pass down the Strand.



GALLOPING SKETCHES BY MAJOR

Some vivid caricatures of film stars in "Flames of Passion" which is under process of production by the Graham Wilcox Company at the Famous Players Lasky studios in London

Comic Blinkers

WHEN I read that five barristers appeared in the same court, all wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, I know that the doom of these comic blinkers is sealed. A single barrister would have been impressive. Two barristers would have been a coincidence, but five is ridiculous. Very soon, in the words of the old hymn, we shall cease to "hide our wonderful eyes behind those tortoiseshell rims."

A Day of Rust

SUNDAY has not been a day of rest so much as a day of rust, but, now that we can play basket-ball in the Royal Parks, we are going to change all that. True, the use of a hard ball by persons over fourteen is prohibited, but cricket is allowed. You may not erect football goal-posts, but you may play football. This is the sort of sweet compromise for which our country is famous—something in the regulations to please everybody!

The Battle of the Sans-Culottes

MARIANNE

The beautiful Queen of Montmartre, leads the little "warship" to the siege of Varenne

"SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC"

Grotesquely garbed in Phyrgian caps and plumed hats, and in every kind of revolutionary costume, the Sans-Culottes of Montmartre held high revel in the "Battle of the Marne"

Photographs

À BAS VARENNE!

M. Rol

MARCHING TO THE SIEGE

The irrepressible spirits of the "Montmartre Republic" are ever agitating some new rag, and this latest took shape in a mock war on the little suburb of Varenne, where the Sans-Culottes sent an army in order to capture a *port de guerre*. To the accompaniment of exploding fireworks and the cheers of the populace the warship weathered its way up the Marne, and later Varenne was called upon to surrender; but a truce was agreed upon, and the opposing armies joined in apéritifs and dinner. Next morning the mimic fight commenced in earnest and Varenne was stormed, stormers and stormed joining in the subsequent revelries

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Season and Some Reflections

WITH the Garden-party at Buckingham Palace and the departure of the King and Queen to Goodwood, the season received its official *coup de grâce*. Trunks on taxis at the hall door, and dust sheets in drawing-rooms, are now the order of the day. The *monde où l'on s'amuse* takes its flight, hither, thither—some to the sea, some to Scotland, those who still own them to their country houses, and a goodly proportion to foreign spas and seaside-places—for example, the English irruption into Deauville, that smartest of all smart French *plages*, suggests a miniature invasion.

Looking back on the season one finds two things stand out most prominently. One that the King and Queen have dined out more often than in any other season during their reign, and the other that the most brilliant parties have been given by Americans. The Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Bath, the Countess of Carnarvon, and Lady Desborough have kept the flag of hospitality flying amongst what one may call our old nobility; and Countess Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Cowdray, Lady Islington, and several others amongst the new order.

But if you compare all their parties with the sumptuous entertainments of the Americans, such as Mrs. Corrigan, Miss Gerry (who has returned to the United States), Mrs. Cory, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Marshall Field and Mrs. Charles Marshall, the Americans must be given an easy first. And it certainly is an historic fact, to be noted by those who keep commonplace books for the instruction of their posterity, that the owner of the biggest "store" in Chicago, Mrs. Marshall Field, gave a ball in the official residence of the First Lord of the British Admiralty. Of course, Lord Beatty lent the Mall House to Mrs. Marshall Field, but it is odd to reflect that such a lending of an official residence would have been impossible twenty years ago.

Londonderry House and its mistress have been sadly missed this season. Almost alone amongst the younger hostesses, Lady Londonderry carries on

Photograph

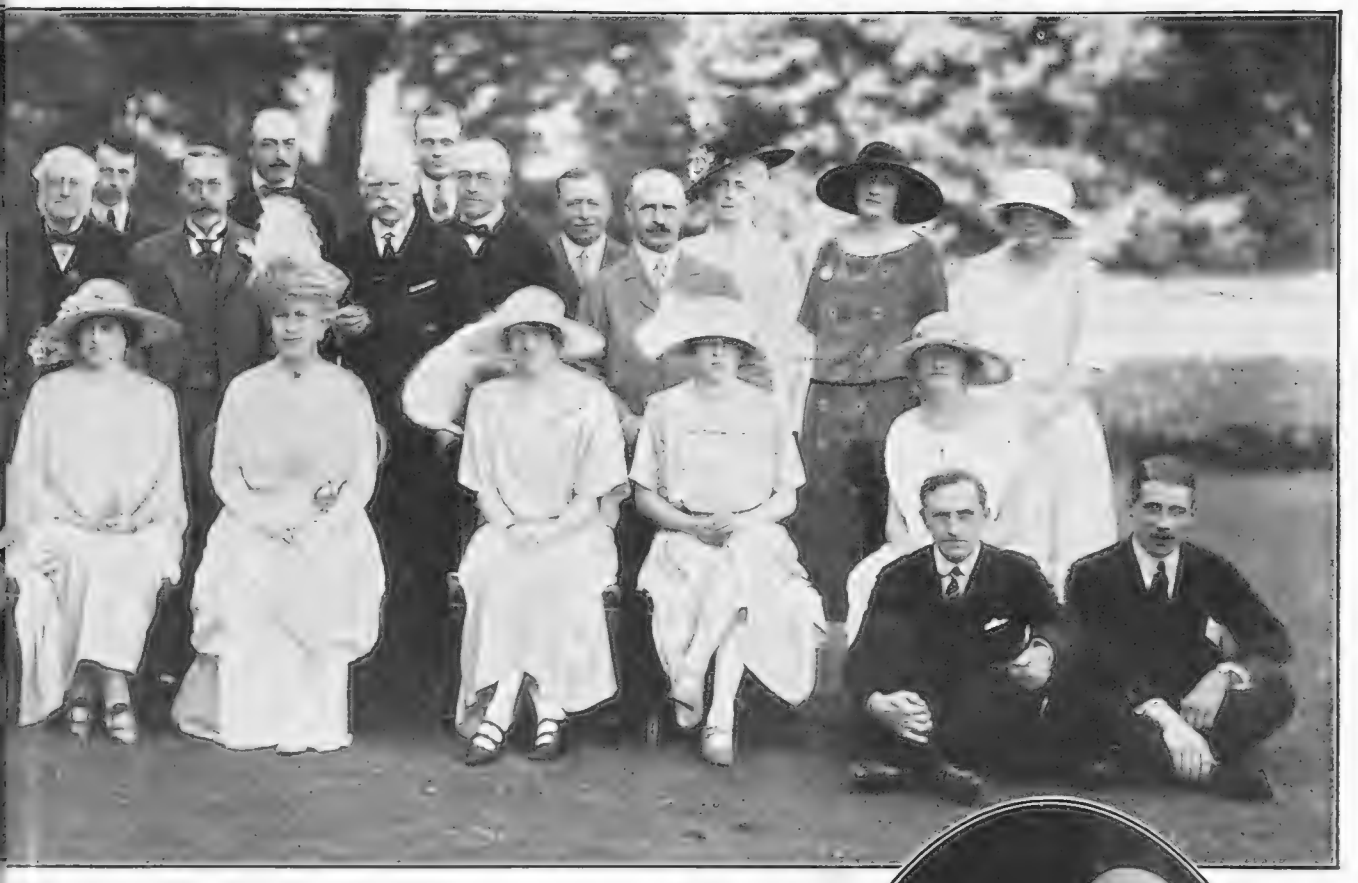
THE ROYA

A brilliant climax to a brilliant seaso Richmond and Gordon's house-party was, a right): Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Brig Hartington, the Earl of Jersey, Lor of Richmond. Marquess of Cholmondele Katherine Hamilton, Lady Mary Cambridg Countess of Mar and Kellie, Her Majest the ground, Sir Bria

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, HIS DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW

A recent photograph of the Duke of Connaught, Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., Lady Patricia Ramsay and their little boy, Alexander, taken at Clarence House. Commander Ramsay and Lady Patricia have now returned to Paris



Russell

OUSE-PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE

as Goodwood, that even the weather favoured with its sunshine; and the Duke of sual, a very exclusive gathering of very distinguished people. Standing at back (left to eneral O. F. Trotter, Lord Marcus Beresford, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Marchioness of oventry, the Marquis of Hartington, His Majesty, Mr. Leonard Brassey, the Duke iscount Molyneux, the Earl of Cavan, Capt. Greer, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Lady ront row (seated): Mrs. Greer, Countess of Dalhousie, Lady Joan Mulholland, the he Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Violet Brassey, the Countess of Jersey and, on odfrey Faussett and Lord Inverclyde

the tradition of the *grande dame*. But the big house in Park Lane is being renovated from basement to garret, so perhaps next year we may see a revival of its old and most happy hospitality. Another hostess who has been greatly missed is Mrs. Cazalet. Her beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, with its fine ball-room, which was lent for charity entertainments more frequently than any other room in London, has been put up for sale.

Apart from the big entertainments the rule has been for small dances. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have danced indefatigably, and Prince Henry has done his share whenever he could get away from his military duties. In fact, there have been more Royalties at dances this year than there have been for a generation past. At one dance—quite a simple affair—there were twelve young Royal people all dancing merrily—three of our own Princes, and scions of Greece, Serbia, and Russia.

Except for the Americans and the American wives of English husbands, there has been no series of entertainments in one house as there used to be in the old days. People have just given one big thing. Probably that was all their mulcted purses permitted.

I wonder if it can be taken as a portent for the future that the American colony in London celebrated its Independence Day this year at Lansdowne House? At any rate, taken in conjunction with the number of American hostesses who have come, and seen, and conquered, it makes one think.

Goodwood and Cowes

THE Queen's first visit to Goodwood gave an *imprimatur* to that pleasant meeting it has not had for years. Queen Alexandra stayed at Goodwood House as Princess of Wales, but I think I am right in saying that she never stayed there for the race week as Queen. As Princess of Wales her visits were not regular, and I remember there was always a doubt as to whether she would be there or not right up to the last moment, and most often she did not go.

Photograph *Speaight*

A GOODWOOD HOSTESS AND HER CHILDREN

Mrs. Edgar Brassey, with her two children, at Dauntrey Park, Chippenham, where she and her husband, Colonel Edgar Brassey, of the 1st Lifeguards, entertained a large party for Goodwood. Mrs. Brassey is a niece of the sixth Earl of Buccleuch

Photograph *I. B.*

THE DUKE OF YORK AT DUNKIRK

The Duke of York with the French civil and military authorities proceeding to the site of the War Memorial Institute and Seamen's Club, the foundation stone of which he laid

Photograph *Topical Press Agency*

AT LADY CROSFIELD'S GARDEN PARTY

Mr. Lloyd George, his hostess Lady Crosfield, and Miss Megan Lloyd George walking to the courts at the "political" lawn tennis party last week

The race-week at Goodwood is regarded as *the* week of the year all through Sussex and Hampshire. In the days of horses people used to drive tremendous distances—the motor and the charabanc now, of course, make it possible for thousands more, and nothing could have been more popular in the South country than the Queen's visit with the King to the great meeting. All the folks round about Goodwood, too, are rather proud of the fact that the meeting on Charlton Downs, which has been held for over a century, brings the London season to a close.

At Cowes the King and Queen and Prince George will have their quarters on the *Victoria and Albert*. The King's famous *Britannia* is out of commission on the score of economy, a deprivation which His Majesty will feel keenly. There was nothing he enjoyed so much in the Cowes week as sailing his own boat.

Scottish Moors and Tenants

People cannot be said to be falling over one another to rent Scottish moors and forests for the autumn. Lord Macdonald has two tenants in the Isle of Skye, one for Armadale Castle and the other for Harrapool. Lord Peel's brother, Colonel the Hon. Sidney Peel, who married a daughter of Lord Spencer, has taken the first, and Sir John Harmwood-Banner, a former Lord Mayor of Liverpool, is renting the second. Mr. A. C. Clausen, K.C., has taken Knocksbannoch, in Forfarshire, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has let Monreith, in Wigtownshire, to the Hon. F. G. Morgan, brother to my Lord Tredegar. Colonel F. E. Seeley will be at Minard Castle, on Loch Fyne, and Sir Thomas Latham, the deputy-chairman of Courtauld's, at Teaninich, in Ross-shire.

Other "lets" are Castle Forbes, Lord Forbes's house in Aberdeenshire, to Mr. E. E. Hett; Guarry-gualach, part of the Invergarry property, in Invernessshire, to Mr. C. F. G. R. Schwerdt; and Strichen, in Aberdeenshire, to Mr. Julius Friedlander.

Photograph *Central News*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Miss Idina Joan Myddleton and Mr. John Truman Mills, of the Coldstreams, after their marriage at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Myddleton, of Chirk Castle, and of the late Violet Countess Cowley

Photograph *I.B.*

AT THE CHURCH DOOR

Mr. Thomas Richard Barrett-Lennard and his bride, Miss Kathleen Finora Fitzgerald, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, after their marriage at St. Michael's, Aveley. The reception was held at Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard's Essex seat; he is an uncle to both bride and bridegroom

"A Girdle Round the Earth"

The evening-party given at the Royal Botanic Gardens last week by the Eastern Telegraph Associated Companies in celebration of their jubilee reminded me of descriptions one reads of the evening fêtes given

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN (left) AND SIR ROBERT BUCHANAN JARDINE AT GOODWOOD

Photograph *Alfieri*

WATCHING THE POLO AT COWDRAY PARK

Lady Zia Werhner, Mrs. Harrison (the wife of Major Harrison), Mrs. Fitz-williams, Lady Milford-Haven, Miss Vanderbilt and Mrs. Callender, during the polo at Cowdray Park, which is an annual event at Cowley Manor, the beautiful residence of Mrs. and the Hon. Harold Pearson

by Louis XV at Versailles or Marly. But I doubt if His Most Christian Majesty ever provided so many forms of entertainment for his guests.

First, the gardens were a fairyland of tiny lamps and Chinese lanterns—bowers, arcades, and arches of them. Then there was an open-air ballroom, rather like a Greek temple, with a parquet floor, upon which Madame Karsavina danced, to the delight of a huge crowd, which took the floor itself when the limelight had flickered for the last time upon her exquisite pirouettes. Next was an open-air theatre, and on the other side of the broad pathway, covered by an awning

Photograph *I.B.*

PRINCESS DJEMEDDEN MAHMOUD

A distinguished onlooker at Goodwood's social and racing pageant last week

Photograph *Central News*

WATCHING THE POLO

Mr. Filmer Sankey, who played for Cowley Manor, and Miss Buckmaster at Cowdray Park last week, the guests of the Hon. and Mrs. Harold Pearson

from end to end, the Margaret Morris dancers did lithe and astonishing evolutions, whilst on either hand we had a fencing exhibition by ladies and a lawn tennis exhibition by men. Wherever you went there were buffets. Seven hundred and fifty people, with the Duke of York as the guest of honour, sat down to dinner in a specially erected dining-room, and five thousand people attended the party.

It was a wonderful evening, but when you think of what the submarine cable means to this country, the jubilee of the Eastern Associated Telegraph Companies called for a special commemoration. Fifty years ago there were about 8,000 nautical miles of cable in existance; now there are nearly 325,000 miles, and of these the Companies own 130,000. They have laid 28,000 miles since the Armistice.

Special kitchens were built, electric light, gas, and water specially laid on. The whole thing was done by Messrs. Lyons—ball-room, theatre, dining-room, buffets, and the illuminations. If the guests had numbered a hundred instead of five thousand, the ease and celerity of the service could not have been more perfect.

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT COWDRAY PARK

Mr. Daniel Mather, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Lady Mahon and Mrs. Wilberforce, before the afternoon's racing, watching the polo which took place each morning

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS MARGARET NAPIER

The daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Henry Napier and Mrs. Napier, is engaged to Mr. Richard S. L. Worsley, only son of the late Mr. Richard Worsley, of Broxmead, Cuckfield, Sussex

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS MARY LATTA

The engagement of Lady Latta's younger daughter to the only son of Major-General Sir Frederick and Lady Robb almost coincided with that of her elder sister—whose marriage has been indefinitely postponed owing to her fiancé's, Captain Cole-Hamilton's army work

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS NATALIE COURTENAY

Brigadier-General Courtenay's only daughter, who is engaged to Mr. George Gilbey Riviere, of Berkeley Square. The marriage will take place shortly

"Pioneers, oh, Pioneers!"

REALLY, the young people must not lay claim to everything. Lady Mercy Greville, Lady Warwick's youngest daughter, has been writing in a contemporary as if the "modern girl" was only a creation of the present generation, and that the daughters of to-day were the first to rise up against the bondage, tutelage and independence-crushing—you can go on multiplying the adjectives as long as you like—atmosphere of their elders.

Bless their little hearts, they are only reaping where the despised Victorian daughters sowed! We who sit a little further within the gateway of Time than they do have lively recollection of such cries as "Revolting Daughters," "The Girl of the Period," and "The Bachelor Girl." The only difference between those feminine revolutionaries and their grandd aughters (yes, it goes back as far as that), daughters and nieces of to-day, is that they didn't have their hair bobbed, that they wore a great many more clothes, and didn't smoke in public! In some ways I think they were much more intrepid, for to prove their equal right with man to bicycle they wobbled forth in skirts that touched the ground.

No, the Victorian girl was the pioneer of the liberty enjoyed by the girl of to-day. And there were pioneers before her, also, notably the women who were the first to drive in a hansom cab or on the top of omnibuses, which used to be considered "shocking," and a sign of being "fast." Very amusing, isn't it, looking back on all these old conventions?

The Week-After-Next Brigade

To-day if a young woman stood on her head on the top of the statue in Piccadilly Circus, I don't think that people would be greatly surprised. And that, I think, annoys a certain type of modern girl more than anything else. If it didn't, why should the leaders of the Week-after-Next Brigade—the most modern of all moderns—behave as they do in public? Is there amongst them a Guild for Attracting Attention?

The indulgent will tell you that it is youth and high spirits. But it would be interesting to know the exact line at which high spirits leave off and bad manners begin. After all, there is a code for the daughters of dukes and barons, and when they behave like the be-feathered ladies on Hampstead Heath o' Bank Holidays can they wonder that their public antics are regarded as signs of astonishing ill-breeding, especially abroad.

Last year at a French watering-place the little group I have in mind were known as "*Les dévergondées Anglaises.*" This year they seem to be repeating history.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

EARL BALFOUR AT SHERINGHAM

The Earl of Wemyss, with Lord Balfour, on the courts of the "Grand" at Sheringham, where the "acting" Foreign Secretary stole a quiet week-end away from his strenuous duties. He celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday last week

Argentine Successes

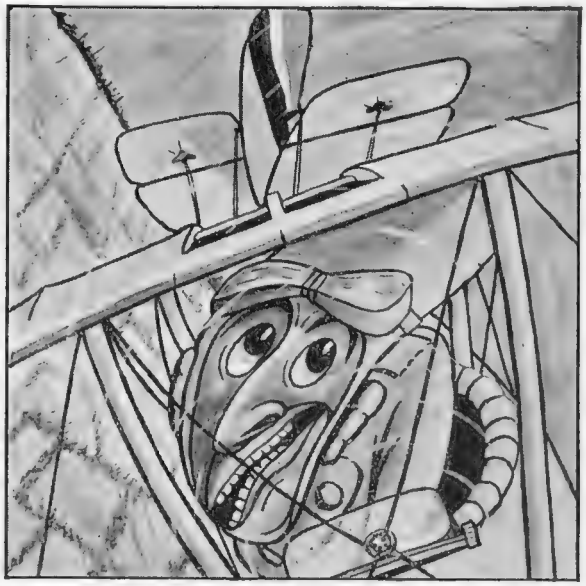
GOOD wishes will accompany the Argentine players upon their visit to the United States. Things were made a little easy for them here by the unfortunate series of mishaps to our leading players. They had two or three very narrow squeaks, notably against Eaton at Roehampton and against the Quidnuncs at Hurlingham, but their Big Four—Messrs. John Miles, John Nelson, David Miles, and Louis Lacey—managed to get through without a single defeat, and that must be counted as a remarkably fine performance. Perhaps Mr. Lacey will be wanted by England for our next effort against America.

The Nude Truth

BY WILMOT LUNT

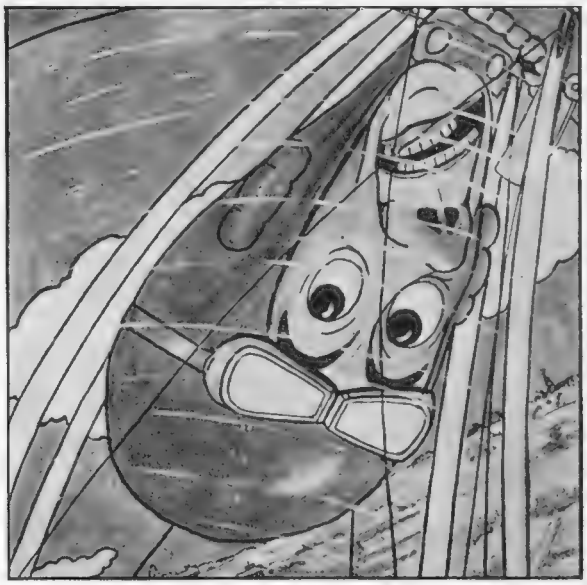
THE STUDIO BORE: "My wife was a model before I married her. Perhaps you knew her"
ARTIST: "Only barely"

SPIN



ROLL

SIDESLIP



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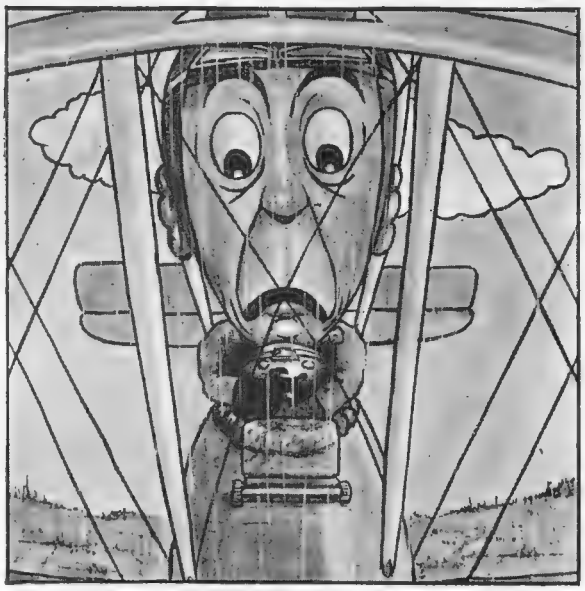
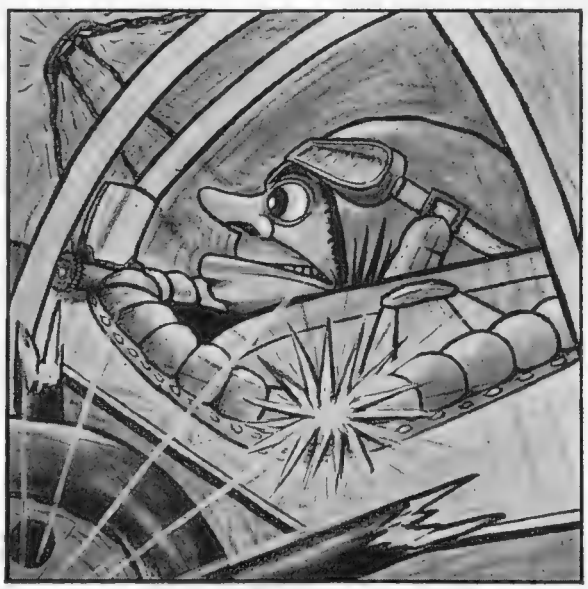


STALL



PANCAKE

BY FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. GRAHAM

FLYING TERMS ILLUSTRATED

NEW SERIES

GOLF AND THE MAN

No. III.—THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST

BY DELL LEIGH. *Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS*

I RECENTLY played a three-ball match with two wholly representative types. But they abound. You have been inflicted with one or the other, often. Probably both. Both these golfing types are, away from their beloved course, quite unremarkable men. As an instance of this, of the two I refer to above one was the head of a fish-curing business on the East coast, a prosaic occupation, and the other an analytical chemist with a test-tube mind. Neither had many illusions left about life—especially the man who watched other people gut fish. But both were an absorbing study on the golf course. It is by way of being an education to throw in your lot with two such sportsmen for a short golfing holiday. The optimist greets you on a blank morning, full of the zest of life and fried eggs, with:

"Don't you worry about the glass, old boy. I like to see the barometer low on a Friday, means a fine week-end. Have some bacon."

You glance out disconsolately at the turgid, streaming weather, and smile a wry smile.

"'Sides," continues this loathsome individual, taking a second tablespoon of marmalade, "I always do rather a good score on a wet day, ball pulls up on the greens. But it will clear before lunch—mark my words."

He drags you out in a semi-blizzard to the links, and drives his first ball through the club-house window.

"I'm glad I did that," is all he says, quite unmoved. "They never ventilate the reading room properly, and as there is a glaziers' strike on we shall get some air in *there*, anyway for some time."

His second, a half-topped ball, finds a sodden bunker.

"Good," says the optimist, his face streaming with rain, "nothing like getting your bunkers over early in the game. Find 'em in the first few holes and you can bet you won't when the match gets exciting."

He insists on playing out of casual water, caused by a week's raining opponent and both caddies in the process, adding, as we emerge half blinded by the spray, "Well, a little damp more or less, a day like this, does no one any harm."

The Pessimist

At about the seventh hole, drenched to the vest, and with the grips of your clubs as slippery as butter, you give up this game against the elements, and creep back wretchedly to your lodgings and a tepid bath.

Not so the optimist. He plays on alone, and comes booming back to lunch with a story of a phenomenal score. Two threes, and one fifteen-yard putt, etc.

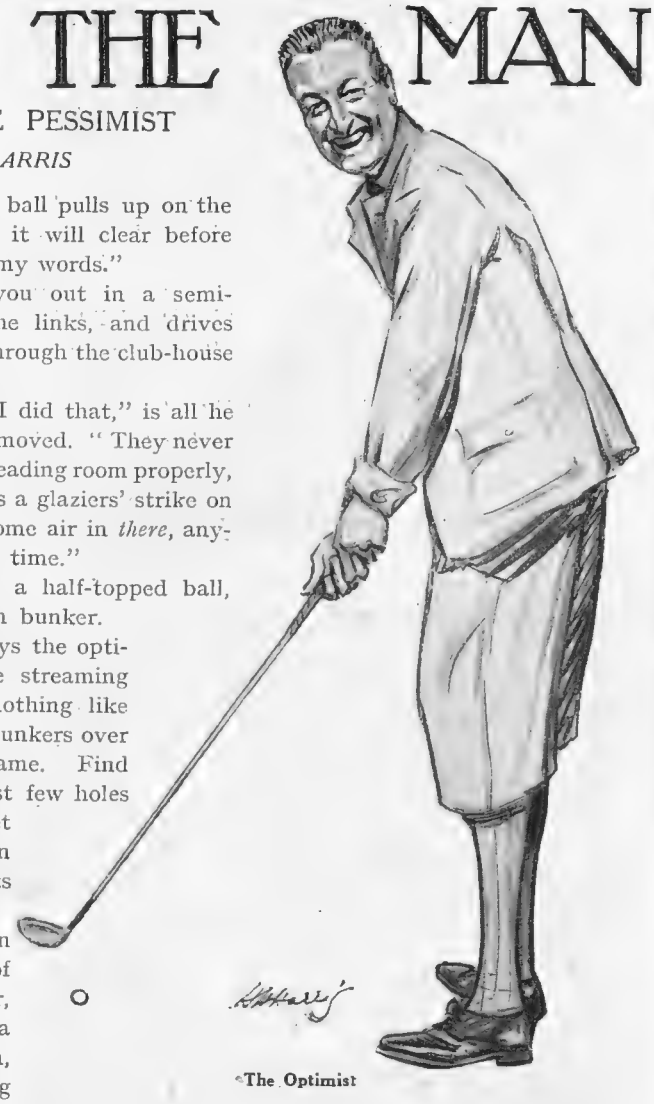
Nothing ever goes wrong with him. If he hits the pin within twenty yards, thereby losing a stroke, and, as it happens, the hole, he is delighted at the deadly accuracy of his approach.

When he drives two successive balls into the sea, he is amused at the way both ricochetted along the surface before disappearing into three fathoms. And, anyway, they were old balls, he says.

When he lays himself a dead stymie at the eighteenth, and we are all square, he is delighted to experiment with a niblick on the green, although a sovereign hangs on the shot. So incensed are you at his monotonous enthusiasm that you begin to wonder if it is merely a pose, calculated to unnerve you. Which it certainly succeeds in doing.

The Pessimist, of course, should, by his very dejection, spur you to better things. But if you do not take early hold upon your outlook you find yourself, more often than not, smitten with the same palsy.

He does not find relief, as a rule,



The Optimist

GOLF AND THE MAN (continued)

with a good old oath, rolled out unctuously and dwelt lovingly upon, as you and I do. He seems to have got past swearing—or has exhausted the vocabulary long ago. But nothing is ever right with the poor old chap. You feel he has a secret grief about golf and a secret hatred of the game. When he hits a magnificent drive (as he often does) right down the fairway, he regrets bitterly that it is ill-placed for the second. When he lays a ball stone dead with a long mashie shot, he deplores miserably the fact that he did not do this at the last hole, as here you have two for it. When he has beaten you by five up and four to play, he walks with hunched shoulders back to the club-house, grieving at his ineptitude in the early part of the game—a stricken man.

I remember once a real Pessimist of the most pronounced school who was delightful to play with, as he was always comparing morosely your brilliancy with his own effeteness. "Ah! I wish *I* could play a shot like that—that *is* golf. I used to once—but not now; not now"—and then a long, painful silence of introspection. We were playing a quiet "old gentleman's round," as he called it, on a very famous and exclusive course. The sort of course where they eye all strangers as if they were Surveyors of Taxes out for a holiday. The Pessimist had suffered the worst of bad luck all the way round, and I was thinking that when he *did* begin to swear—well!

On this course there perambulates an old member of the Committee. We will call him Sir Timothy Maketrouble, because he spends his whole time doing so. He sits aggressively about on the fairways on a shooting stick, waiting heaven-sent opportunities from visitors.

I knew him. The Pessimist did not. The Seventeenth is a short mashie shot, on to a green entirely surrounded by deepish bunkers. We were all square. I put mine safely on. The Pessimist bumped off into a very deep boot-mark in a bunker to the right. Beyond this bunker sat Sir Timothy, watchful as ever. When the Pessimist reached his ball and saw the worst, his flood gates were unloosed. The very larks stopped singing with the force and fury of it all.

Then spake Sir Timothy authoritatively from the shooting stick.

"Hu-r-rgh! You are not a member here, sir, I believe; then let me tell you, sir, that the Committee very much object to that kind of language, and, what is more, we won't have it—do you understand, sir?"

The Pessimist turned slowly in the bunker and regarded the speaker thoughtfully. Then having invoked the heavens, the earth, the waters under the earth, and the caddies, to behold to what depths of depravity the speaker's ancestors must have descended, he added, in a tone of exceeding bitterness:

"And having made a disgusting boot-mark like this in a bunker, you miserable old reptile, you might at least have the decency to admit it."

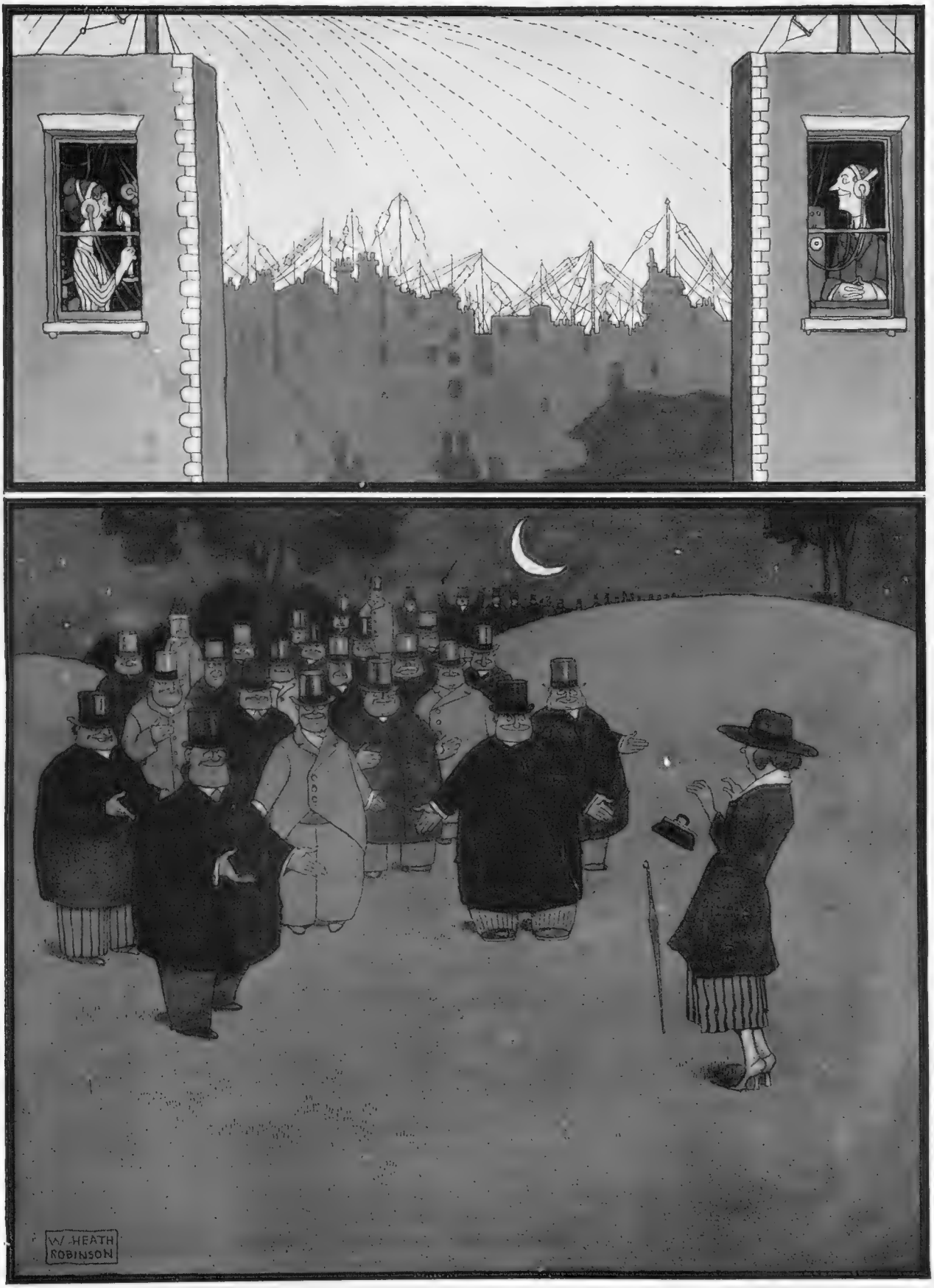
I believe Sir Timothy had a stroke that night. But I did not wait to see. D.L.

Photograph KATHLEEN DILLON *E. O. Hoppé*

Who is writing the scenario as well as arranging and appearing in the Persian Ballet, which will be a feature of Mr. Cochran's new production, "Phi Phi," to be produced shortly at the London Pavilion

Next Week—No. IV.
"*THE MALCONTENT.*"

The Worries of Wireless



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

What sometimes happens with an appointment made by wireless telephone

Femina

The Care of Metals

BY MRS. M. VINCE

IT always seems to me very strange that so many otherwise careful people possess beautiful things without thinking it necessary to know how to take care of them.

IN most houses the things for cleaning consist of soap, soda, a patent floor and furniture polish, and a patent metal cleaner—four things. Yet the number of different materials of which the furnishing of a house consists, from the paper on the walls to the china in the cabinet, is nearer twenty than a dozen, and each of these different things, if it is to be kept properly, has to be cleaned in a different way and with a different stuff.

THE metals alone, in any house, number, besides the table-silver, four or five—brass, copper, steel, pewter, and bronze, and it is a constant work to keep them clean—especially in London. It always seems to me that there is an odd truth behind the old belief that London was a city with streets of gold. Certainly gold should be London's metal, since it is the only one that does not tarnish. If we could do without other metals in our houses how much simpler housework would be! In Sweden copper still remains the ordinary metal for household utensils. One sees the kitchen-walls, in the peasants' cottages, as well as in the large houses, hung with copper pots and pans. This profusion of copper always astonished me, remembering that, in London, it needs to be cleaned once or twice a week, until I learnt that, in Sweden, it needs cleaning only four times a year!

SINCE clean we must, the best thing is to know the right way to clean. In most houses, although there will be four or five different metals, there is only one "metal-polish." Yet there is no such thing as a polish for all metals any more than there is a cure for all diseases. There is, however, this difference, that, with a patent polish, one can certainly clean any metal much more quickly than if one uses for each metal the proper stuff. But—and this is the important point—the metal will tarnish much more quickly afterwards.

FOR brass alone there are three or four different methods of cleaning. Finely powdered rottenstone, mixed into a smooth paste with sweet oil, makes the best polish for brass. If, however, small pieces of brass, such as candlesticks, have been allowed to become very dirty, especially if they have got verdigris on them, they should be put for two or three minutes in water which is boiling on the fire, and in which a lump of soda has been dissolved, together with sufficient soap to make a good lather. Then they should be scrubbed with a soft brush, washed in clean boiling water, and dried.

LOVE

By Victor Hicks

BRASS curtain-rings, again, when they have gone black, can be most easily cleaned by being put in a basin of hot water and vinegar, two parts of vinegar to one of water. They should be left for several hours, taken out and rubbed with a coarse cloth. The Dutch and Flemish have yet another way of cleaning solid, unlacquered brass. They use the skin of a lemon, from which the juice has been squeezed out, dipped in fine sand. They also clean copper in the same way, but the best preparation for cleaning copper that I know is a powder that I get from Sweden. It gives the copper a much purer and clearer colour than one ever sees in this country, but what its ingredients are I have not been able to discover.

PEWTER, like brass, is cleaned with rottenstone, but in this case one mixes it not with sweet oil, but with soft-soap, and then makes a thin paste of it by adding turpentine. The pewter is thickly covered with this paste and left for two hours. The paste is then rubbed off and the pewter polished with a flannel dipped in very finely powdered rottenstone.

STEEL grates and fire-irons, if they are to be kept bright, need constant attention. They should be well rubbed every day with a dry leather. If they are neglected and rust spots appear, they should be cleaned with a paste of emery powder and oil; rubbed with a dry duster dipped in whiting and polished with a leather.

OLD bronze should be washed with water and a little ammonia, brushed with a soft brush, quickly rinsed in clean water and dried in sawdust which has been heated in the oven. But if you treat modern bronze in the same way you will ruin it, because it is often artificially coloured. You should do no more than dust it and polish it with a silk rag.

WITH these different ways of cleaning metals the only trouble is to learn them. Once they have been learnt they are scarcely less easy to use than a "metal-polish."

M. V.

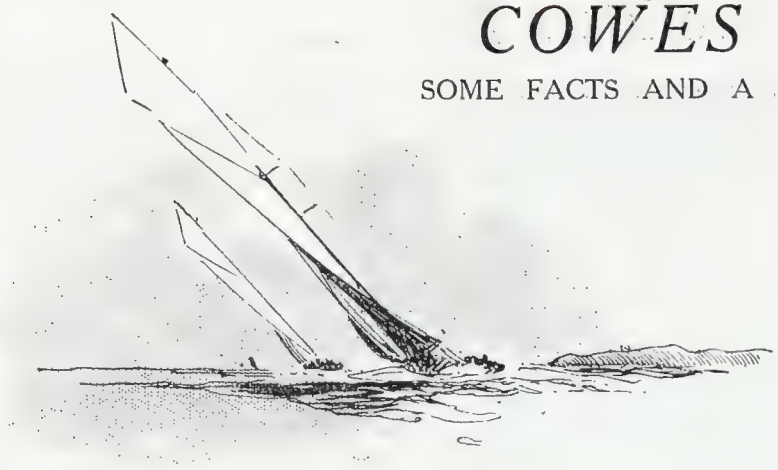
Our Holiday Sensation

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Darling, just listen to the beautiful murmur of the waves!"

COWES WEEK

SOME FACTS AND A FORECAST. BY H.S.S.



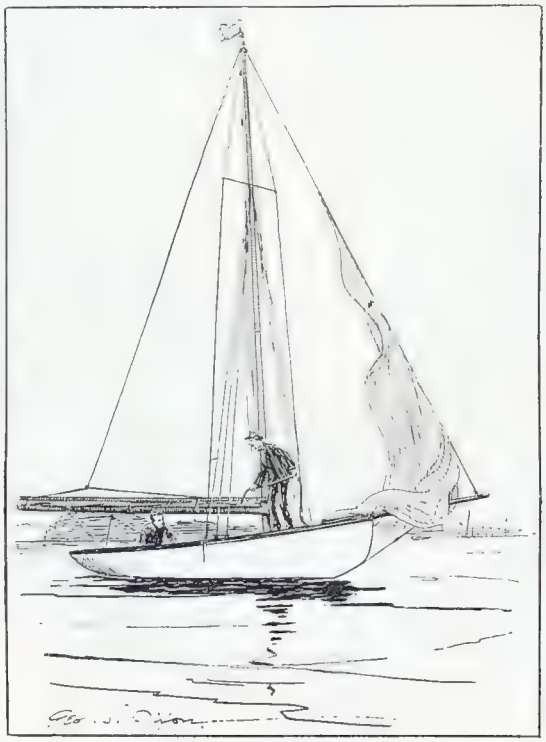
By the time this issue of The Bystander is in being, Cowes week, the grand climacteric of the yachting season, will be in full swing. It is, of course, impossible to expect that the racing, however keen and exciting it may be, will be followed with as much interest by the public at large as that of last year. The King and Queen will honour the regatta by their presence, but the King's world-famous cutter, *Britannia*, will not be competing. That, necessarily, makes a big difference. Last year we had the satisfying spectacle of *Britannia* racing daily with the two ex-racers, *White Heather* and *Nyria*, and Mr. R. H. Lee's *Terpsichore*, a cruiser-racer built since the War, and thousands of people who had never given a thought to yachting before went to see the sport and to express their delight, after the manner of loyal subjects, when the King's cutter (as she often did) led the fleet home. They knew that the King himself was aboard—he was often accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary—not as a mere passenger, but as a born yachtsman ever ready to help when there was work to be done in the handling of his ship. This added enormously to the zest with which the events of last year's Cowes week were followed.

Of the "big four" which I have mentioned above *Terpsichore* alone is in commission this year, but there is, nevertheless, quite an imposing fleet of vessels to compete in the races for the larger classes. Among these are Lord Sackville's yawl, *Sumurun*; Sir William Portal's yawl, *Valdora*; Mr. J. F. Swann's yawl, *Brynhild*; Sir William Burton's cutter, *Cestrian*; Captain Cecil Slade's ketch, *Joyette*; Mr. Oswald Sanderson's *Cariad* (also a ketch); Sir Thomas Dunlop's yawl, *Harbinger*; and the cutters, *Thanet* (Mr. J. W. Cook), *Noreen* (Mr. F. Last), and *Carlotta* (Mr. J. R. Payne).

The King's Cup, the race for which was fixed for yesterday (August 1), is the most important trophy in yacht-racing. It can only be raced for by boats whose owners are members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to which King William gave the first cup in 1834. To-day and to-morrow there are races for all sorts and sizes, ranging from a handicap for boats of over 70 tons to the smallest of the Solent classes, to-morrow being the day on which the big boats compete for the prizes presented by the town of Cowes—another time-honoured contest. The town is also presenting a cup for the International Six-Metre Class, which will likewise be sailed for to-morrow.

Mention of the six-metre class reminds me that this class is, I venture to think, going to have quite a big following. It is the class in which International races are now held annually with America, each nation having a team of four boats. I say "a team" advisedly, for the position of every boat that finishes the course counts, so that it is a team race in the true sense of the term. Last year, when the racing was held at Ryde and the English four won handsomely, quite a lot of public interest was aroused, and although it is now our turn to go to America, I do not think that it will die down.

The English four to go to America have already been chosen. They are racing against the other boats in the class—there is quite a fleet of them—this week, and it will be interesting to see whether they justify their selection. Of course, no selection committee can ever hope to be entirely free from adverse criticism, and it has been suggested that in this instance the selectors have been too premature in making their selection. "Why not wait," it has been asked, "for the final 'try-out' at Cowes?" In any case, the fact that the chosen four will be on their mettle adds considerably to the piquancy of the proceedings.

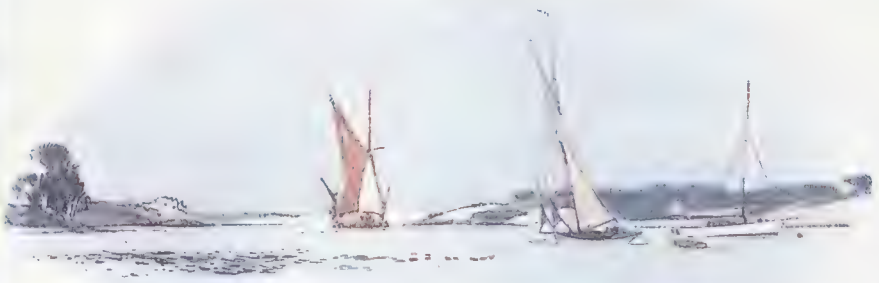


SAVED! By George S. Dixon

Yachtsman (on fishing trip): "We're still drifting. Did you throw the anchor overboard?"
Landlubber: "Yes. But I cut the rope off first. I thought you'd like to save that"

DRY POINT BY JEAN HARDY

LE SECRET DE POLICHINELLE

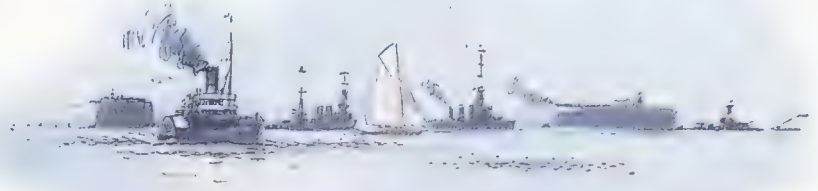


ON THE MEDINA RIVER

COW

THIS is Cowes week, where
England—and the most ti
hub of the yachting universe. Ou
us with some breezy sketches, whic
of the "scenery" of the Solent an
found an article dealing with th

BECALMED

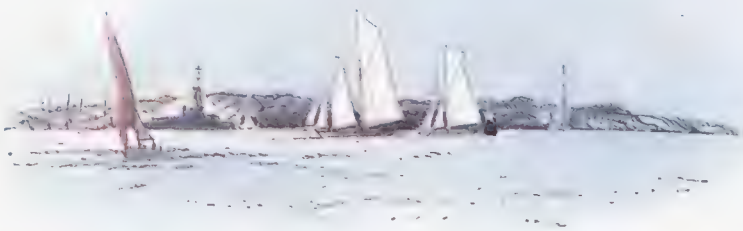


SPITHEAD

AN OLD FRIEND UNDE

VES

e biggest Yachting Carnival in honoured in the world—is held Squadron, whose club-house is the artist has appropriately furnished [illegible] reproduced on these pages. Spithead. On page 232 will be prospects of the week's racing



OFF RYDE

A FRESH BREEZE

NDER A NEW GUISE

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

BY FRANK H. MASON

SUMMER DAYS

FROM THE DRY POINT BY EDGAR LANDER

NEW SERIAL Starts To-day

A Parody of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's Famous Novel "IF WINTER COMES."

IF SUMMER DON'T

By BARRY PAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"He wouldn't have been happy if he wasn't suffering."

CHAPTER I

LUKE SHARPER. Age, thirty-four. Married, but not much. Private residence, Jawbones, Halfpenny Hole, Surrey. Favourite recreation, suffering. Favourite flower——

Oh, drop it! Let us rather listen to Mr. Alfred Jingle, solicitor, talking to his artist friend.

"Met Sharper yesterday. Remember him at the old school? Flap Sharper we called him—not that they really did flap. His ears I mean. They just crept up and bent over when he was thinking hard. People came to see it, came from miles round.

"Rum chap. Rum ways. Never agreed with anybody present, including himself. Always inventing circumstantial evidence to convict himself of crimes he had never committed. Remember the window? Half brick came flying through it. Old Borkins looked out. Below stood Flap Sharper with the other half brick in his hand. Arm drawn back. No other boy in sight. The two halves fitted exactly. It certainly looked like it. Poor old Flap found that it felt like it, too. But he had never chucked that half brick. Ogilvie did it. Remember him? The one we called Pink-Eye. Have a drink?

"I offered Sharper my sympathy. Wouldn't have it. Said 'Why?' Maintained that we had all got to suffer in this life, and it was better to begin early. Excellent practice. Then his ears crept up and bent over. Got it again later in the day for drawing a caricature of old Borkins. Never did it, of course. Couldn't draw. Can't remember who did it. Oh, you did, did you? Like you. Have another?

"Yes, we have a certain amount of business in Dilborough. I'm generally down there once or twice a year. I walk over to Halfpenny Hole and lunch with Sharper. It's a seven-mile walk. But lunch at the hotel is seven-and-six. Doing uncommonly well, is Sharper. He's in Pentlove, Postlethwaite and Sharper. You know. The only jams that really matter. Pickles, too. Chutney. Very hot stuff. Oh, yes, Sharper's all right.

"You ought to run down and see Halfpenny Hole. What is it the agents say? Old world. It's very old world. Only three houses in it and all different. Whether the garden settlement will spoil it or not is another matter. You go and paint it before it gets spoilt.

"Strictly between ourselves, I am not quite sure that Sharper and his wife hit it off. Oh, nothing much. It's just that when he speaks to her she never answers, and when she speaks to him he never answers. In fact, if she speaks at all he groans and moves his ears. Charming woman, very. Quite pretty. There may be nothing in it. I saw no actual violence. Sharper may merely have been suffering. He wouldn't be happy if he wasn't. Have a drink. No?"

CHAPTER II

Halfpenny Hole lay in the bottom of a slope seven miles from Dilborough. Dilborough was almost the same distance from Halfpenny Hole. Jawbones was, I think we must say, an old-world house, and had the date 1623 carved over the doorway. Luke Sharper had carved it himself. A little further down the road there was—there's no other word for it—an old-world bridge with—I'm afraid we must have it once more—an old-world stream running underneath it. It gave one the impression that it had always been like that. Always the stream under the bridge. Never the bridge under the stream. But now that the Garden Settlement had come things might be very different. Houses were going up; Mr. Doom Dagshaw's Mammoth Circus was going up; even the rates were going up.

At the end of his honeymoon Luke Sharper went to see a man about a dog, and left his wife to prepare Jawbones for his accommodation. She was a good housekeeper, and Luke acknowledged it. Whenever he thought about her at all, he always added "but she *is* a good housekeeper." He was desperately fair.

"This," said Mabel, opening a door, as Luke began his visit of inspection, "this is your den."

Luke's ears moved. He kissed her twice. "But, you know, I cannot bear it. There are some

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (continued)

words which I am unable to endure, such as salt-cellar, tuberculosis, tennis-net, and den."

"Very well," said Mabel, a little coldly, "we'll call it your cage. And just look. There is a pair of my father's old slippers that I have brought for you. Size thirteen. You've got none quite like that, have you?"

He put one arm round her waist.

"Where did you say the dustbin was?" he asked.

"But," she said, amazed, "you don't mean to say—— Surely you wear slippers?"

"I never was," he replied, firmly. Nor did he.

"And now," said Mabel, "come into the kitchen and see the two maids that I have engaged. Two nice respectable sisters named Morse—Ellen Morse and——"

"'This,' said Mabel, 'is your den'"

"There isn't an 'l' in Morse," he said, gloomily.

"And Kate Morse," Mabel continued.

She opened the door into the spotless kitchen, and the two maids sprang instantly to attention. One of them was cleaning silver. The other was still lingering over tea. The first was very long, and the second very short.

Luke slapped his leg enthusiastically. "Oh, by Jove!" he said, "this is ripping. Morse. Don't you see? Dot and Dash. Dot and Dash."

He howled with laughter. Dash dropped the teapot. Dot had hysterics.

"I think," said Mabel, without a smile, we had better go into the garden."

Everything in the garden was lovely.

"Luke," said Mabel, "I did not quite like what you said in the kitchen just now. It was just a teeny-weeny——"

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Luke. "You must admit it was funny. Seemed to come to me all of a flash. I'll bet that nothing more amusing has been said in this house since the day it was built. Dot and Dash! Dot and Dash! Oh, help!"

He rolled about the path in uncontrollable laughter.

Mabel looked sadder and sadder. He said that made it all the funnier, and laughed more.

After dinner he wrote the joke out carefully. It seemed a pity that *Punch* should not have it. Mabel yawned and said she would go up to bed.

"Tired?" asked Luke.

"A little. There's something about you, Luke, that makes one feel tired. By the way, did you ever know Mr. Mark Sabre?"

"God forbid—I mean, no."

"Well, he called one of his maids High Jinks and the other Low, but it turned out later in the story that the one that was first Low became High, while High became Low. I thought I'd just mention it to you as a warning."

"Right-o. I'll be very careful. I may as well come up to bed myself. The editor of *Punch* will be a happy man to-morrow morning."

At intervals that night Mabel was awakened by screams of laughter. Once she enquired what the cause was.

"Dot and Dash," he replied, chuckling. "Too good for words! Oh, can't you see it?"

"Good-night again," said Mabel.

On the following night when he returned from business, Mabel met him in the hall.

"Darling," she said, "we've had trouble with the sink in the scullery."

"What did you do about it?"

"I sent for the plumber. He seemed such a nice intelligent man."

"Have you kept him to dine with us?"

"No. Why on earth should I? He had a glass of beer in the kitchen."

"People dine with me sometimes," said Luke, "who are neither nice nor intelligent. Oh, can't you see, Mabel, that we are all equal in the sight of Heaven?"

"Yes," said Mabel, "but you're not in sight of Heaven—not by a long way. I don't suppose you ever will be. Besides, if he had stayed, the dinner could not have gone on."

Luke's ears twitched convulsively "I can't see that," he said. "It is unthinkable. How can you say that?"

"Well," said Mabel, "one of the vegetables we were to eat to-night happens to be leeks. And, of course, he, being a plumber, would have stopped them."

Luke did not swear. He simply went up to his bedroom in silence.

There he began ticking certain subjects off on his finger. Number One, Den. Number Two, Slippers. Number Three, Dot and Dash. Number Four, Plumber. She would never see. She would never understand, and he was married to it. He put up both hands and pushed his ears back into position.

(I had fully intended to divide this chapter into sections and to number them in plain figures. Careless of me. Thoughtless. Have a shot at it in the next chapter? I think so. Yes, almost . . .)

Chapter III

I.

Pentlove, Postlethwaite, and Sharper occupied a large factory, with offices and showroom attached, in Dilborough. They had no address. The name of the firm alone was quite sufficient to find them. Some people added the word Dilborough; some simply put Surrey;

A "Webb" Feat!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"I see no use whatever in being able to swim the Channel unless it's the cheapest for one's summer holiday"

some merely England. They were known to everybody. Their motto: "Perfect Purity"—was in every daily paper every day. And during those weeks when the pickle manufacturing was going on every little hamlet within a radius of twenty miles was aware of the fact if the wind set in that direction.

There was no Pentlove in the firm, and no Postlethwaite, and hardly any Sharper. An ex-schoolmaster, Diggle by name, had secured the entire control of the business. He had no partners, though Sharper had a small interest in the firm. He had achieved this position by unscrupulousness and low cunning. For of real ability he had not a trace. In fact, the staff mostly called him Cain, because he was not able. Another point of resemblance was that he was not much of a hand at a sacrifice. He looked after the financial side of the business and did a good deal of general interference in every branch of it.

The manufacturing side was under the control of Arthur Dobson, a red-faced man who had been with the firm for twenty years. He very wisely maintained its tradition of the very highest quality coupled with the very highest prices. "Perfect Purity." It was an admitted fact that Pentlove, Postlethwaite, and Sharper actually used limes in the manufacture of lime juice. Another startling innovation was the use of calves feet in the preparation of calf's foot jelly. This was the more extravagant because, of course, only the front feet of the calf may be used for this purpose. Three back feet make one

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (*continued*)

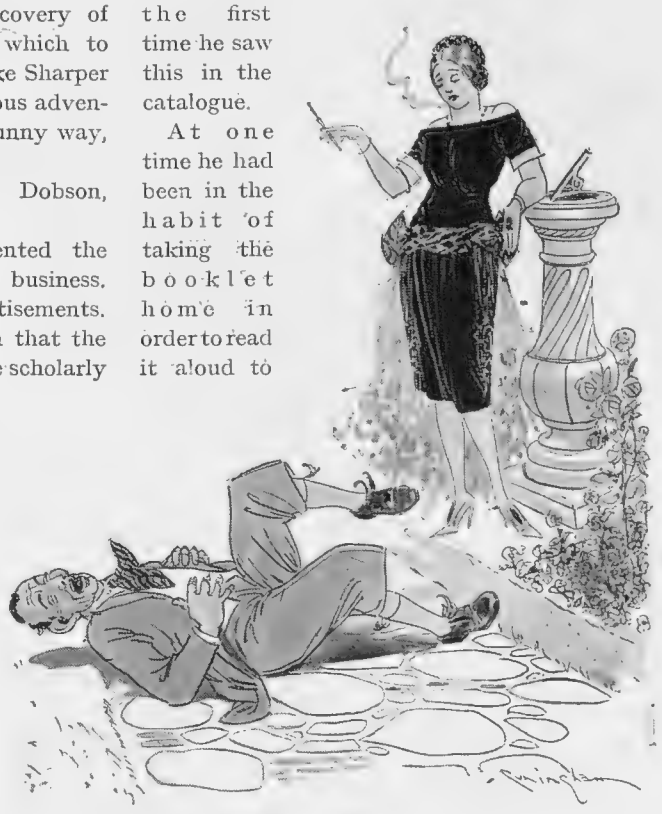
backyard. Naturally the price was ruinous. But it all added to the reputation of the firm. And the best hotels thought it worth while to advertise that the pickles and preserves they provided were by Messrs. Pentlove, Postlethwaite, and Sharper. It may be as well to add that Arthur Dobson was a knave. When he was talking to Cain he always slated Sharper. When he was talking to Sharper he always slated Cain. His speciality was the continuous discovery of some cheaper place in which to lunch. He would ask Luke Sharper to join him in these perilous adventures, but Luke, in his sunny way, always refused.

"Standoffish," said Dobson, "Damn standoffish."

Luke Sharper represented the literary side of the business. He wrote all the advertisements. It was a rule of the firm that the advertisements should be scholarly and that none should appear which did not contain at least one quotation from a classical language. Luke had also initiated the production of various booklets dealing with the materials and the methods of business. Nominally they were published; practically they were given away to any considerable purchaser. Some of these were written by Sharper himself. There was, for example, "The Romance of the Raspberry," of which the *Dilborough Gazette* had said: "An elegant little brochure." This was a great triumph. Even Diggle had to admit it. He had gone so far as to say that one of these fine days he would really have to think about making Sharper a partner. Other of the booklets were written in collaboration. For instance, in the composition of "Thoughts on Purity," Sharper had the assistance of the Reverend Noel Atall.

Luke kept a set of these booklets, bound in lilac morocco, in his room at the office. He loved them. He was proud of them. He regarded them as his children and would sit for hours patting them gently. As the issue of each booklet was limited to one hundred copies, and it was customary to present one of them with each order of £20 or upwards, some of them were out of print, and difficult to obtain. This had been enough to start the collectors. In book catalogues there would sometimes appear a complete set of the Pentlove, Postlethwaite, and Sharper booklets. And the price asked was gratifying. Luke fainted with joy the first time he saw this in the catalogue.

At one time he had been in the habit of taking the booklet home in order to read it aloud to



"Dot and Dash, Dot and Dash! ho, help!"

Mabel. He never did it now. It was hopeless. No insight. No sympathy. No appreciation. No anything. Blind and deaf to beauty. But she really was a good housekeeper.

2.

Luke bicycled from home to business every morning, and from business to home every evening. He enjoyed this immensely. Every morning as he rode off he said to himself: "Further from Mabel. Further and further from Mabel. Every day, in every way, I'm getting further and further." On his return journey in the evening he experienced the same relief in getting further from old Cain, and further from the office.

At the middle point of his journey it always seemed to him that he did not belong to the office any more, and that he did not belong to Mabel, either. He was all his own in a world by himself. He would go on in a snow-white ecstasy. Then he would get up, dust his clothes, and re-mount.

He had some habits, which, to the stupid and censorious, might almost seem childish. He cut for himself with his little hatchet, a number of pegs, and always carried some of them in his pocket. At every point on the road where he fell off, he drove in a peg. It seemed to him a splendid idea. In a wave of enthusiasm he told Mabel all about it.

"Isn't it absolutely splendid?" he asked.

"Dotty," said Mabel, briefly.

He went out into the wood-shed and cut more pegs.

One Monday morning, as he started on his ride, he saw before him at intervals all down the road, little white specks. Yes, everyone of those pegs had been painted white by somebody.

Who could have done it? He decided at once that it must be Mabel. She had repented of her harshness. She had made up her mind to try to enter more into his secret soul. This was her silent way of showing it. He determined that if this were so, he would start kissing her again that evening. It overcame him completely. He drove in one more peg and re-mounted.

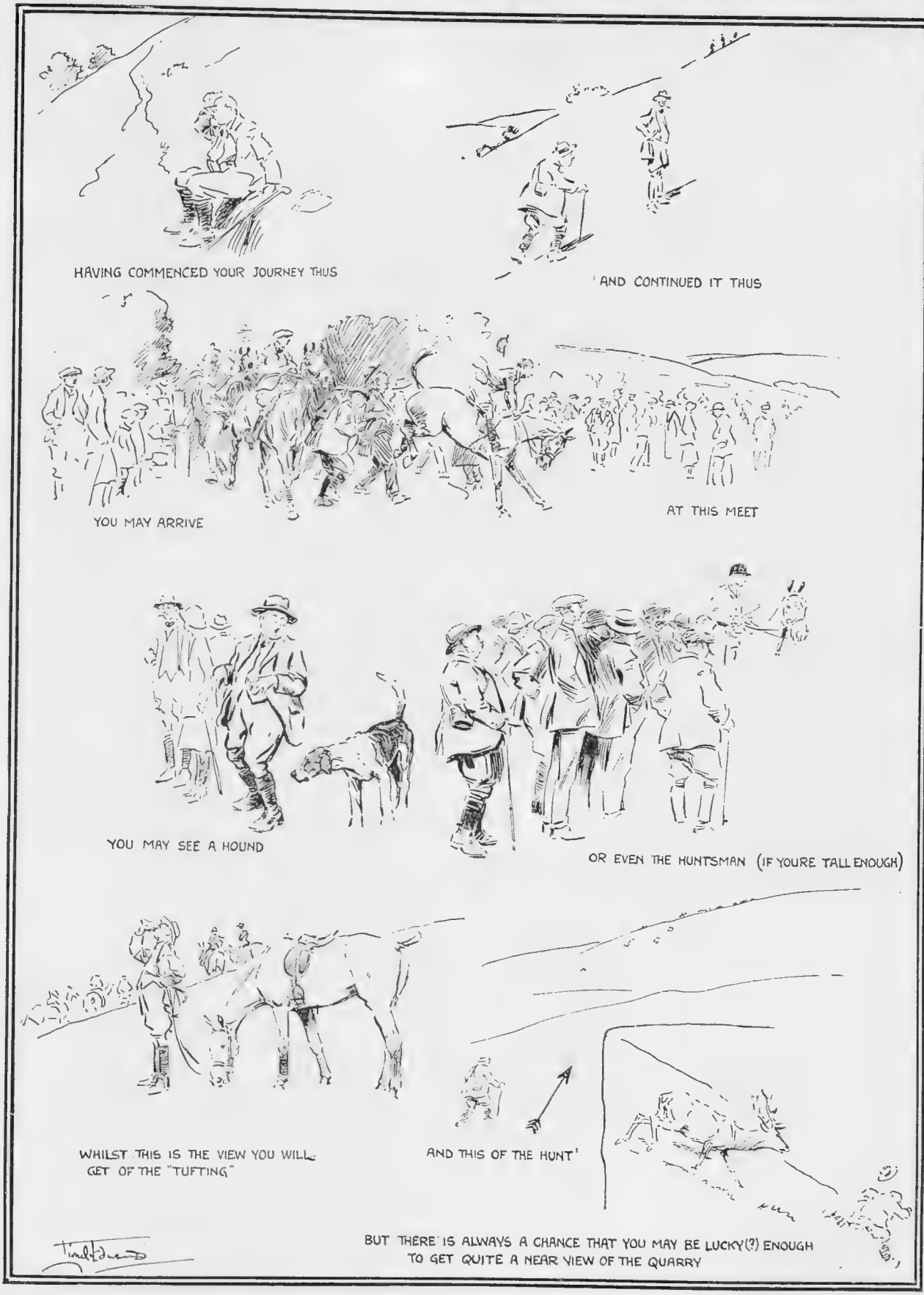
"Mabel," he said that night at dinner, "It's good and sweet of you to have painted all those pegs white. It must have taken you a long time."

"Never touched your rotten old pegs," said Mabel. "Pass the salt."

His ears twitched.

(To be continued next week)

The Stag Hunting Season Begins



BY LIONEL EDWARDS

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN

The opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds takes place to-day

"The advantages of the Tuileries"

"Wireless Wea

BY "ROLAND"

MES AMIS—

THERE is not of the doubt that the *Ministre* has wished to do for us the service when he has distributed the forecasts of the weather by the *télégraphie sans fil*. Always he has been a most helpful friend to the farmers. He has looked after them in all the ways. But it is not all of the people which live in the countryside who are the farmers. There are the others. And among these the *Ministre* has created the complications.

ONE does not now know what to make about the weather at all. Before, one has been sure about one thing, which is that the weather is uncertain. With the new system to give the forecasts by the wireless telegraphy one has been told, *cependant*, that one could be sure the weather would be certain. And so it comes to arrive that the habitants of the countryside are divided against themselves.

THEY cannot tell whether to cling firmly to tradition—and an umbrella—or whether to place fully their trust in the messages of the *Ministre*, contenting themselves with a *canne* when he has proclaimed that it shall be *beau temps*. There are even the cynics who affirm that the really safe course is to take an umbrella when the *Ministre* has indicated the weather for a *canne*. They have the belief that the only thing about the messages of which one may be sure is that they will have wrong.

AND so is there the perpetual trouble. Even have there been the serious consequences. Already is it that one wedding, which was announced, will not take place. Just because of the interference of the *Tour Eiffel* into the private affairs of the quite innocent people. If the *Ministre* and his *Tour Eiffel* had been content to leave the couple to guess the kind of weather there could not have been the grounds for the recriminations.

WITHOUT the doubt they should have got very wet all the same, but it could not have been possible to apportion the blame. The incident has happened like this. The two *amoureux* have had the desire to pass the Sunday at the country, but on the evening of the Saturday they have heard the message of the *Ministre* announce that the weather would be mostly showers.

"ALORS," has commented the cautious *demoiselle*, "*dans ce cas-la*, I propose to remain to-morrow in Paris. I have a new dress and I have not the wish that it shall be spoiled." "Oh, do not be silly," has retorted the gentleman. "You will not surely pay the serious attention to the message of the *Ministre* and abandon the excursion. Why, it is all the more certain to be the *beau temps* when the *Ministre* does announce the *averses*."

SO the cautious *demoiselle* has permitted herself to be persuaded. They have gone to the country. They have encountered the showers. The dress has been ruined. There have been the scenes of *colère*. The engagement has been broken. The cautious *demoiselle* has icily said she cannot marry a man who has conducted her new frock

"The engagement has been broken"

ther" Perils

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

into a shower of which he has been forewarned. In regard to which she is, perhaps, wise.

YET is there still the doubt among the others who have not faltered, whether it is the better to take heed, or to ignore, the *indications sur le temps* of the *Ministre* and his *Tour*. The more so when they study the example of the farmers, who, at all the events, are admitted to be the experts in the weather. When the *Tour Eiffel* has proclaimed that "to-morrow there will be rain" the farmers, with one accord, have said, "*Très bien*, but that shall not turn me from my intention to water the *petits pois*."

OF the recent days there has not been the really exacting test, for if the *Ministre* has announced the rain he has been almost certain to have right. And still, in the despite of the downpours, there has been the attempt to maintain the gaiety in the capital, especially by the night. The showers—*plutôt* the intervals between the showers — have made apparent the advantages of the Tuileries as a promenade *d'après-diner*. There have been the delightful visions *sous les clartés des lampadaires* in the evenings of the recent days.

IT is *bien probable* that many of those who have made the promenade have been the English or the Americans who have the rooms in the hotels which are at the border. The men make the stroll, bareheaded, in the *smokings*, while the *dames* conceal their bare shoulders under the delicious furs. Moderns they may be, but as they parade among the lantern gleams and shadows they bring back the souvenirs of the romantic past and recall the *fêtes de nuit* that we can only inadequately imagine.

MUCH more romantic, *en effet*, than the celebrations of the "Quatorze." All of the romance has been thrust from the fête by the blare of the *publicité*. This has been the fête of the *apéritifs*. Instead of to be the *jour de gloire* it has been the *jour de boire*. At the least, to judge from the decorations which have been in the such prominence at all the corners. The *bals des rues* have been danced beneath the unhistorical banners of "Amourette," "Cressonnee," and "Anis del Oso."

ONE has been completely unable to appreciate the association of these appetisers with the French revolution and the *Prise de la Bastille*. The *midinettes* and the *garçons* of the quarter have danced forgetfully below them all the same. There has not been the interference with their pleasures. But some of the younger ones among them have been heard to inquire who are these heroes of the revolution whose names are inscribed on high, but whom they do not remember to have read about in the school-books.

HAS been heard the solemn discussion whether "Amourette" has been a *Marechal* or only a General. And one youthful authority has been loud to assert that there has existed quite a long line of Comtes "Anis del Oso." At the next "Quatorze," however, they will be missed, for it is announced that the *Ville* will not again permit the great day to be used for the stunts. No more shall the *marques* of the absinthe pose as the heroes who have won the *liberté, égalité et fraternité* for the people.

ROLAND

On the 14th of July—the bals des rues

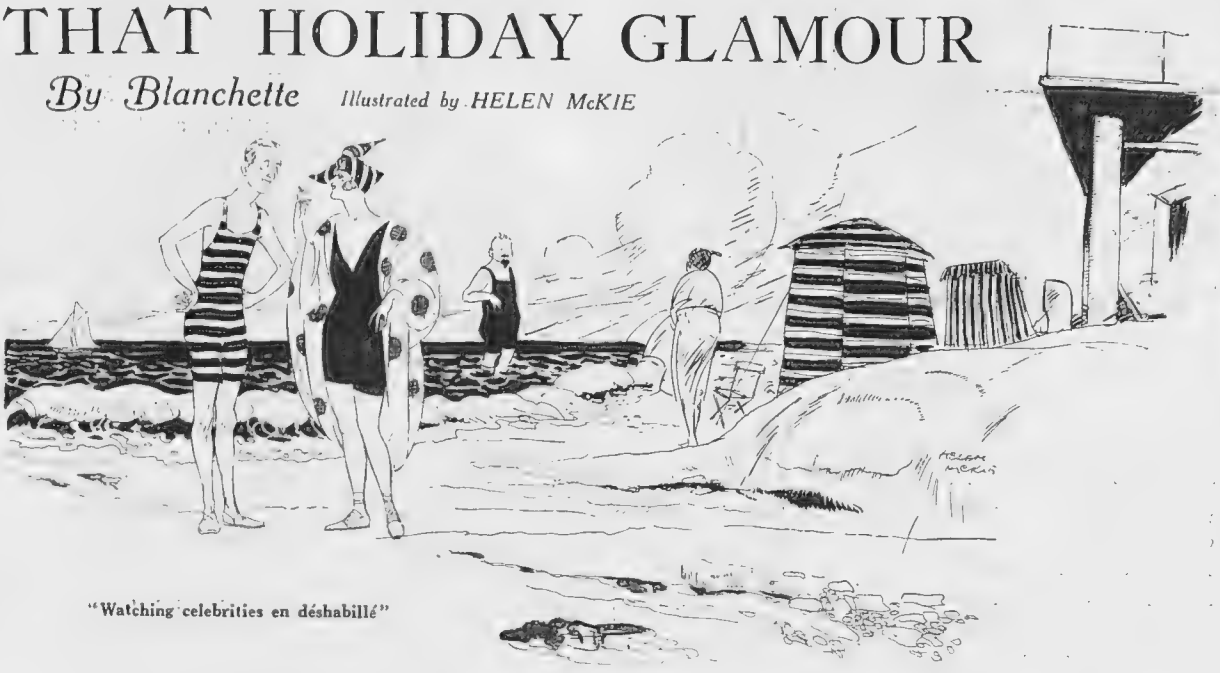
BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

A BUSY DAY AT SEAVIEW HOTEL

The passing of the mysterious lady about whom no one knows anything, but is willing to exchange guesses

THAT HOLIDAY GLAMOUR

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*



"Watching celebrities en déshabillé"

LONDON, *July* 31

DEAR COUSIN—

No one seems to be talking or thinking about much 'cept just holidays these days, do they? Can't, somehow, get away from the subj. whatever you do, even if you don't happen to be going on *yours* for quite a while yet, or they're already over and done with—don't quite know which is really the most galling!

CAN'T be helped, I s'pose, but must say I do rather wish sometimes some one'd start a Society for the Suppression of People who Talk about their Holidays—and make the S.S.P.T.H. a pretty drastic affair at that. As for the ones who will insist on showing you lots and lots of photographs bearing on this boring topic, or kindly telling you all about how fearf'ly fascinating everything was, or is going to be, and why—well, only something with boiling oil in it would even begin to meet the case, *I* think.

COURSE, one *tries* to be sympathetic and all that, doesn't one? To listen with appearance of breathless enthusiasm to stories of how unapproachably perfect the bathing is at Paddlecombe-on-Sea or how rapturous the joys of surf-riding at Splashton or . . . you know the sort of thing. But, after all, a holiday's a *personal* kind of affair, isn't it? Depends altogether, I mean, or very nearly, on what *you* feel about it, and not at all, or hardly, on where you chance to go and indulge and be thrilled to the very bone by that aforesaid holiday feeling.

HAVE enjoyed holidays right down to the core myself, haven't you, in places where I'd rather die than have to live one single day without the holiday glamour to keep me going? And equally and likewise been bored to screams in the midst of the most gorgeous scenery and brilliant weather and ideal meals, just 'cos the glorious gilded illusion didn't happen to be working properly at the time.

QUITE a marvellous and wonderful thing that glamour, you know—rather like, I s'pose, what makes people fall in love and get married and all that kind of thing. Sort of longing, I mean, for romance and happiness and the unknown. . . . Begins with quite faint little heart-pangs and yearnings, and gets stronger and stronger and stronger as time goes on flying. Till, when the moment for the holiday really and actually does come, you feel you simply could *not* have gone on one single minute longer without a complete and utter breakdown and collapse.

ILLUSION, I suppose—but rather an exciting one in rather a dull and literal world. And the 'xtraordinary thing about it is that even people get it who you'd think aren't really qualified—the kind, I mean, who can do the lily-in-the-field rather than the toil-and-spin touch, and can always find time to go to shows like last week's Goodwood, f'rinstance, or this week's Cowes. Though, of course, it's only for the proper world's-worker that the holiday glamour has its real glow and thrill—even in memory. Some compensations in life, after all, what?

"Monarch of all he surveys"

"THAT HOLIDAY GLAMOUR" (*concluded*)

EVEN in a country like "Dirak," that Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes about in his fearf'ly satirical and scathing new book, *The Mercy of Allah*, where:

> The Rich rule unquestioned, to the immense profit of the State. The Sultan is kept on a strict allowance . . . the great merchants, bankers and landholders are the masters of the Commonwealth and him. The middle-classes are allowed a livelihood, but no possessions, and are proud of their small incomes . . . while the populace are content to work hard all day and all the year round for a little food, and to revere and acclaim the rich with frenzied cheers on all public occasions. . . .

Quite an imaginary country, of course, I suppose. Anyway, Mr. Belloc couldn't possibly have meant it for *England*, could he?

THOUGH even in England I seem to have heard of, anyway, some things happening rather like that. . . . But never mind. Especially just now. When even "middle-class" and "populace" do mostly have their taste, if it's only for just a little while, of freedom and romance, and being monarchs of all they survey, so to speak. And not sure, you know, really (said she, philosophically) they don't enjoy it all infinitely more for the t'rrific contrast—which is, after all, half the savour, isn't it, of this odd and unjust and imperfect, but still very delightful, life?

AND the other half? I suppose it's partly, at any rate, what some one calls, in another of the new books, Mr. Pickthall's delightful *The Bridge*, the power to feel. "Love's safe while you can suffer. It'll never die while you can suffer. Just as life's safe while you can fight. Everything's safe as long as you can feel enough. The pitiful thing is when you're too tired to feel. . . ."

BUT talking about holidays (fascinating topic, isn't it?), and the glamour thereof, can't help thinking some of the charm, anyway, is in making up your mind—or, *not* making it up—where to go. Of course, to begin with, it must be always (in theory) somewhere quite new. East Coast or south? Frinton, where you live in your bathing hut and have alternate meals and swims from that flat but pleasant sandy shore, varied with a bit of golf and lawn tennis, and watching Winston and such like celebrities *en déshabillé* thrown in, so to speak? Or Seaview, that Isle of Wight paradise

"A dance at the Hyde Park Hotel"

(if the sun only shines) of slacking about in Canaders and things in the clearest, shallowest water—till some one comes and tips you right into it and makes your nice new bathing gown all wet!

OR Wales, with its glorious mountains, or Scotland, all heather and hills and lovely lochs and streams, or . . . no, I suppose Ireland *is* rather out of the picture just now. Or the soft and soothing West Country—the Devon that I love, where the lanes are always green and the people always kind. There's one little island just off the coast, not a hundred miles from Plymouth, as they say—a little green island with lots of tiny nooks and coves and bays and rocky capelets and deep blue seas . . . but I mustn't give away the secret like that, must I?

AND—while we *are* about it—what about even further afield? Dinard or Boulogne f'rinstance, or Deauville, where you really can wear *frocks* if you've got 'em—and even the bathing ones of the season that starts this very week are gorgeous creations of taffetas and silk and even velvet! Or . . . Though in cold hard fact we've most of us long ago decided, or had it fixed for us, haven't we, where to go, I mean—and lots of us embarked already on the great adventure, for that matter.

THOSE hotels and places *are* so tiresome and matter-of-fact, aren't they? about booking up rooms and that sort of thing. . . . And p'raps in the end it *is* the same place as last year, after all. . . . But all that doesn't really make any difference. We're still perfectly free to choose a new place, lots of new places, in theory, anyway, to go on to if we want—and, of course, if we only wanted it enough we should do it, what?

HERE in London now—well, cert'nly doesn't seem *the* most popular spot to be, now that August's upon us, though we still dance at the Hyde Park and places to keep our spirits up. Court and Society's already deserted it, with Commons to follow in a day or two, spite of the great Anglo-French conferences they say Ministers are going to have this week. And what with school holidays well started, that glamour does seem stronger and more potent than ever, methinks, in this, above all others, *the* holiday month.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

A Day with the New Forest Buckhounds

THE MEET

A few of the followers at a recent run of the New Forest pack, near Lyndhurst

Photographs *Sport and General*

CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER **SIR GEORGE THURSBY, THE MASTER, WITH THE HEAD KEEPER**

The field was comparatively small at last week's meet of the New Forest Buckhounds, but Sir George Thursby, who has controlled the pack for the last fourteen years, gave good sport. Constance, Duchess of Westminster, who was staying in the vicinity, also hunted

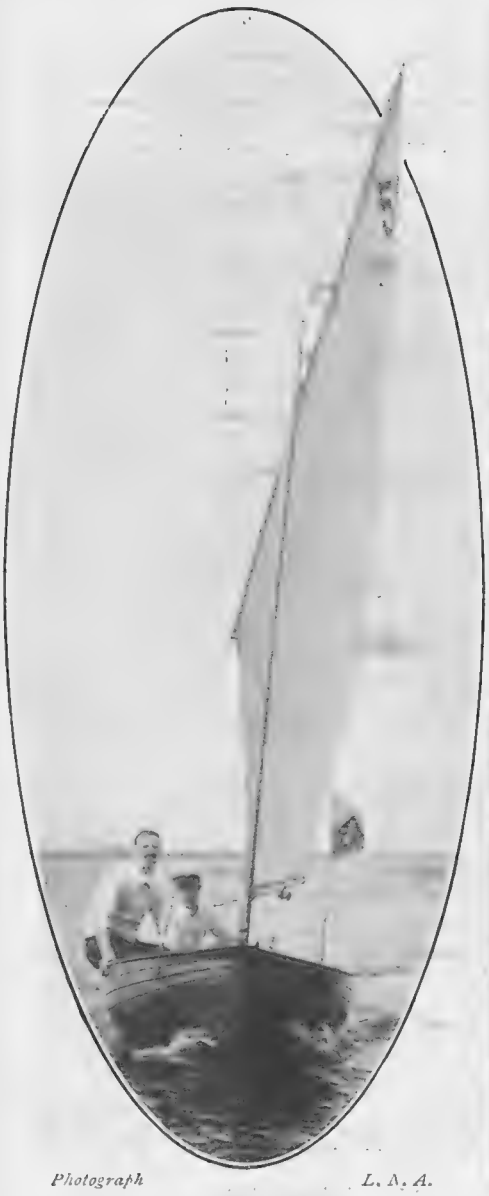
SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Autier.*

POLO AT COWDRAY PARK

Cowley Manor beat Dunstall Hall in the first round of the Polo Tournament at Cowdray Park last week. The winning team was made up of Mr. Filmer Sankey, Major J. F. Harrison, Sir Ernest Horlick and the Marquess of Blandford



Photograph *L. N. A.*

A DOUBLE FIRST

The English dinghy, with Eddie Oxley at the helm, which won two out of three first prizes in the International Dinghy Sailing Races at Zaandam

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MISS GLADYS BASTIN

Who last Thursday won the French Ladies' Open Golf Championship at Dieppe by 5 up and 4 to play

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. GAVIN

Was runner-up in the Ladies' Championship. She met Miss Bastin in the final over 36 holes

Photograph *Sport and General*

CLEAN BOWLED

Ashdown, of Kent, being bowled by Shepherd in the match between Kent and Surrey at Blackheath last week. The game, played on a bowler's wicket, proved to be a walk-over for Kent

Photograph *James Press Agency*

THE HARVARD AND YALE LAWN TENNIS TEAM

The two great Universities of the United States played a combined team from Oxford and Cambridge last Friday and Saturday at Eastbourne

Photograph *Sport and General*

A RUNAWAY WIN

Lord Astor's Tamar winning the Gratwicke Stakes for three-year-olds on the first day of the Goodwood Meeting

Photograph *J. Hodgson*

MISS HILDA JAMES

The lady champion swimmer of England who has left to take part in the championships of the U.S.A. For two years in succession she has broken all our swimming records from 100 to 500 yards

Photograph *Sport and General*

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR

A group of competitors waiting to drive off in the Bucks Club Competition at Sandwich. They are F. C. Cavell, Lord Tweedmouth, C. L. Blundell and F. N. Lloyd

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Goodwood

It was, on the whole, a really brilliant Goodwood. True, it was a trifle shivery on that exposed Sussex plateau on the second day, but it was not actually a bad afternoon for racing, and altogether we had very little to complain of. The Stewards' Cup was remarkable for its singularly open character. I cannot remember another big race on the flat in which "10 to 1 the field" was betted. Yet it was not a great betting race in the real sense, and the victory of Tetrameter seemed to leave the crowd rather lukewarm. The one horse whose success would have evoked enthusiasm was Weathervane, and it was rather bad luck for his "each-way" backers that he just failed to get a place.

Ups and Downs

One of the most curious examples of the ups-and-downs of racing luck occurred on Wednesday, when Mr. Marshall Field, who had not seen his filly run before this season, was very much dejected by the failure of Golden Corn in the King George Stakes. Her sorry display left Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and her trainer absolutely dumbfounded, for her home gallops with Francis Joseph had seemed to suggest that she was in her old form. However, Golden Corn ran wretchedly, and the Moulton Paddocks people all had long faces. The success of Francis Joseph in the next race helped to cheer them up a bit, and when Friar's Melody captured the last race of the day, beating a supposed certainty in Drake, Mr. Marshall Field was once again "all smiles."

Captain Cuttle's Future

Most of us had looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Captain Cuttle gallop at the meeting. We should not have been able to bet on him at the odds, but it would have been delightful to watch the Derby winner in action again. Alas! Captain Cuttle pulled up groggily after his early morning canter, and Lord Woolavington and his trainer must now be anxious regarding the colt's prospects for the St. Leger.

Brighton and Lewis

For the Brighton Cup on Wednesday my selection is **Lord of Burghley,** who has not yet shown a return to that very smart form he displayed as a two-year-old. The Sussex Stakes on the same afternoon may be won by **Tête-a-Tête.** On the following day **Swithin** appears to have a reasonably good chance in the Brighton Three-Year-Old Handicap. At Lewes on Friday the De Warrenne Handicap may go to **Eaton Maid** and the Stanmore Handicap to **Radiant River,** while **Vindictive** has been very fairly weighted for the Lewes Handicap on the second day.

By "The Tout"

H. H. THE AGA KHAN

The popular Eastern potentate who has enjoyed a run of luck this season. He is the owner of the smart youngster, Cos

POLO NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

London Clubs Finish

With matches at Ranelagh and Roehampton at the week-end the London season has come to a close, but this concludes merely one phase of the polo year. The round of country tournaments is now in full swing. Rugby follows upon Cowdray. Next week there will be tournaments at Cirencester and Taunton Vale, with a fortnight on the picturesque ground of the West Somerset club to come after. On the whole, the past London season was one of the most disappointing within my recollection. A combination of unfortunate circumstances made it impossible for several of the strongest teams to get together, with the result that the Champion Cup tournament was by no means its usual success. The breakdown of the weather in July also did much to spoil the season just when it should have reached its zenith.

An Unlucky Season

Had it not been for the presence here of the Argentine players the season would have been even duller. I notice that in some quarters there is a disposition to blame the polo authorities for having failed to concentrate our talent in an effort to beat the Argentine men in at least one match of the international type. But, surely, such criticism is unreasonable in view of the unhappy conditions which have prevailed. When you get such players as Lord Wodehouse, Lord Rocksavage, Major F. W. Barrett, Mr. Buckmaster, Lord Dalmeny, and several others all laid aside at intervals by injuries sustained on the field, how are you going to get together a really representative team? It so happened that whenever a good player took a fall this season he got hurt.

The Future

Fortunately, the various men I have named are tolerably fit again now. Lord Rocksavage has resumed play, and Lord Dalmeny hopes to be right for the Rugby tournaments. Thus the future is not so black. We should all have liked to see more young players come to the front this summer, but a first-class player is not evolved in a year, or even two. Some of the subalterns who played in the recent tournaments at Ranelagh look like developing into smart performers, and the 12th Lancers and the 15th Hussars both have young teams which are sure to make their mark later on. Unhappily, we could not name at the moment any four players who would be likely to beat the American International team, and obviously several more seasons must elapse before English polo gets back to its old strength.

The "THREE CASTLES" Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

POWHATAN –

the mighty Indian Chief and Emperor of Virginia with whom the English Colonists had more adventures than Captain Smith at least found welcome. In 1585 it was recorded of the people over whom he ruled: "of their Tobacco we found plenty, which they esteeme their chiefe Physicke. The example of the Indian Tribes was followed by those who braved their savagery - soon, "the very streets of Jamestown were sown with Tobacco" till the enterprising ancestors of the House of Wills began to make their famous Cigarettes from Tobacco cultivated with more care than Indians ever dreamed of. The "Three Castles" Chief among Virginia Cigarettes - chief in purity, in flavour, in fragrance & in capacity to govern the most fastidious appetite.

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T.C.6.

BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

FROM what I have read in the newspapers I gather that this production was not at first received with open arms by the theatre-going public, but that that public shortly afterwards saw the error of its ways and patronised the show to the blessed extent of a nightly "House Full." I do not know whether it is by accident or design that the management gives no precise definition of the show on the programme. It is not described in the usual way as a play or a comedy (or farce), but "Mr. Belasco and Mr. Cochran present Seymour Hicks in *The Man in Dress Clothes*." It may be, therefore, that the view of the management is not far from my own, which is that this production, loosely bound together in the form of a play, is only a series of amusing "turns" by Mr. Seymour Hicks.

THE story is that of a *roué* who, having been separated from his wife by a sad misunderstanding, is reconciled to her in the last act. And as that catastrophe was inevitable, we have only to consider how the time is passed until that happy consummation is reached. The trouble with THE BYSTANDER is that it is not at all hysterical. It has just a cold and calculating way of sizing up the facts that does not give scope for a display of even the primitive emotions. Consequently, I am not able to drop too freely into superlatives in considering this play. Most of the scenes are self-contained. They could, I fancy, be given as separate "turns" on the variety stage without seeming to be incoherent. That they would be well and convincingly done by Mr. Seymour Hicks goes without saying, and I gladly concede that, as presented at the Garrick Theatre, they are joyously amusing and profoundly interesting.

MR. HICKS is Lucien, Comte D'Artois. In the first act he is discovered in bed in his flat. His valet cannot awaken him, but this feat is successfully performed by a lively and irresponsible young lady known as "Foxtrot," into whose antecedents, I take it, charity forbids us to enquire too closely. We then learn that Lucien has dissipated a large fortune, and is expecting the broker's man and his assistants every moment. In due course the brokers arrive and begin to strip the room of its costly furniture.

THE law, it seems, compels the bailiffs to leave their victim one suit of clothes, which is a mercy we all appreciate. That suit is the one he happens to be wearing—his dress suit. Lucien protests that they are taking away his bed; but the answer is given that the bed is a very valuable one, and he must be satisfied with a quite cheap bed that has been found in the housemaid's room. All this while Lucien is walking about scattering jokes of the revue order; while, of course, a pious

BARBARA HOFFE AS COMTESSE D'ARTOIS

STANLEY LOGAN AS HENRI DE LA TOUR.

deprecation of being made to sleep in the housemaid's bed was too obvious to be missed. But all the humour is very rich and causes whole-hearted laughter.

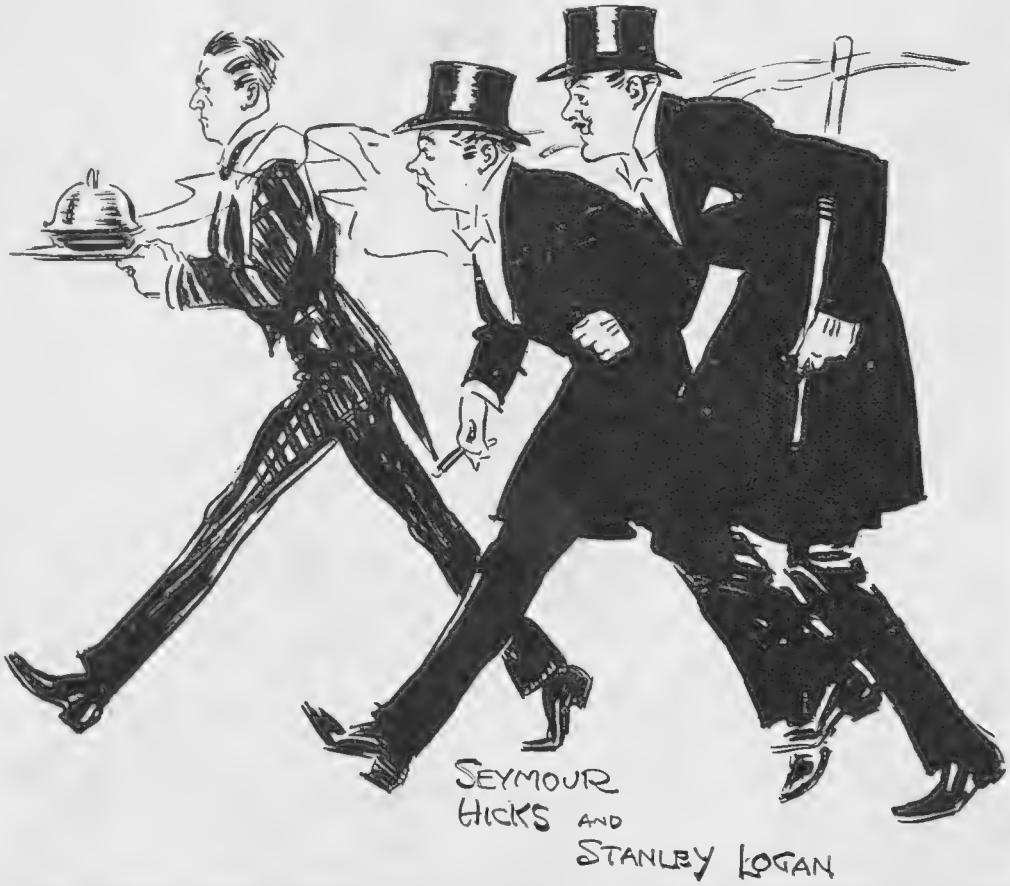
LUCIEN has a friend who is a professional duellist. He fights duels and gets a royalty on the cinema and other rights, which usually bring him in about twenty-five louis per duel. When he hears that Lucien is down and out he explains that he must just run away for a few minutes to fight a duel, and then he will meet Lucien in Paris and stand him a dinner. I suppose it is possible for a once-rich member of the old French nobility to be as hard-pressed as that, though one would have fancied that for a while, at least, there would be someone among his aristocratic friends who would lend him the traditional half-crown till Saturday.

TOWARDS the end of the first act the fun is allowed to subside for a while, and Lucien's wife, Germaine (Miss Barbara Hoffe), calls to see him. From the empty state of his flat she concludes that he must be moving again, though the detail is one that scarcely interests her. It seems that the two parted at the church door, or thereabouts, after their marriage a year ago, and the lady, who appears to enjoy a private estate of some magnitude, is growing tired of her grass-widowhood.

SEYMOUR HICKS AS LUCIEN

GERMAINE has called to say that as Lucien will not be a husband to her, she desires a divorce in order that she may cultivate the acquaintance of an admirer who will be less reluctant. Lucien decides that he ought not to place any obstacles in the way of his wife's wishes. He loves her very dearly, and he indicates the pain of parting from her by various attitudes and poses expressive of extreme grief, but, sprung upon us, as it is for the first time, it looks as much like a death-bed repentance as anything. In any case, we know so little of him and his wife that we have to take her charm, and the sincerity of his grief, for granted.

THE second act affords a most amusing turn. Lucien has been obliged to go hungry till the



SEYMOUR HICKS AND STANLEY LOGAN

hour appointed to meet his friend at the restaurant. He emphasises the severity of his plight by sniffing eagerly at the various dishes that are brought in for other guests; and he is overjoyed when his duelling friend at last arrives. But it happens that the friend, in a spirit of disastrous optimism, has put his twenty-five louis on a fancy for the two-thirty, or its French equivalent, and is himself down and out. The two look about the restaurant on the chance of being invited guests at the table of a mutual friend, and presently one such appears in the distance. Twice the hopes of the hungry men are raised by cordial invitations to take the place of missing guests, and each time the missing guests arrive at the last moment and spoil the treat. The house roars with laughter as Lucien and his friend follow the waiters about the place and greedily watch the trays of appetising food, until finally Lucien gets desperate, and decides to order a dinner on his own account even at the risk of getting six months for obtaining goods under false pretences.

At the end of this scene Germaine comes on again to remind us that, notwithstanding all this genial, detached fooling, there is a plot to be reckoned with. This gives Lucien the opportunity of a little chat with her, and also enables Mr. Hicks to give a convincing demonstration of his ability to turn from the merely comic to the intensely sentimental at a moment's notice. The scene in which Lucien tries to explain how his wife has misunderstood him, is very attractive and very dainty.

Mr. Hicks has a light and convincing touch in scenes of this kind, and he is here at his best. But the characters of Lucien and Germaine are so thinly drawn that the scene amounts to little more than an abstract display of tender emotion. We do not know enough even of Lucien's past life to be able to judge whether or not he is telling the truth, and the Bard hit the nail pretty squarely on the head when he remarked that Jove laughs at lovers' vows.

Presently Germaine gets to hear that Lucien is really on his beam ends, and as she knows he would not take money from her, she gives five hundred francs to his friend who passes it along with the explanation that it has just dropped from heaven or something of that sort. So that when Germaine comes back to Lucien and tells him she is so sorry he has no money, he contradicts her flatly, and flourishes the five-hundred franc note in her face as evidence that he is simply rolling in the stuff. The reconciliation takes place in the last act, though it might just as well have taken place in the first, but for the fact that we should have missed the welcome fun in the interval between. The most important item in the production is Mr. Hicks' magnetic personality, and I hope he will win out at the finish.

JINGLE

A Summer Eve

Photograph *Peggy Nicholls*

"Some asked me where the roses grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia" — *Herrick*

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I AM inclined to think that Mr. S. P. B. Mais's new novel, *Caged Birds* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is his best. This is not to say that it is a flawless production. On the contrary, I could amuse myself (if nobody else) by writing a page or two on its more glaring faults. But it is the sort of book which takes your attention away from mere errors of technique; you are far too keenly intrigued by its story. Moreover, it gives you an impression of being absolutely real and true. You say to yourself: "This, of course, is all rather mad, but isn't it just the sort of thing that might happen to So-and-So or What's-His-Name?" And if the story of Denys Carey and Ann, his wife, and Jocelyn Lysaght, the other girl, is not too sober a romance, its background is photographic—a highly effective combination.

⁂

DENYS, take note, is not a schoolmaster, although he has much in common with his predecessors. He is a bundle of enthusiasms. His life is one long expensive rush. He ought to have been left a fortune; as it is, he is invariably in debt. He ought to have married a woman who could love his genius; instead he married Ann (quite one of Mr. Mais's most successful creations), who quarrels and nags at his unconventional and doubtless most irritating ways.

⁂

HE lives at Hove, and writes novels going up by train to London every day to his newspaper office. He hurtles through the country, lecturing to all and sundry on anything that comes into his head. He enjoys beagling and good food and Rugger and expensive clothes and running races with pretty girls. And when he meets Jocelyn there is the devil to pay.

⁂

SO far, you think, an ordinary theme, but Denys is no ordinary philanderer. The dangerous little romance is not kept hidden from his wife. Far from it: she is informed of every move in the game by Denys himself, whence there come most amusing passages between husband and wife. A divorce? Yes, that is the only solution, but a divorce means money and alimony and all sorts of difficult problems. Most devilishly expensive, in fact.

IT is not at all easy to get out of your cage if you earn rather less than you spend. In most books this side of the question is generally left untouched as not belonging to good romance. Mr. Mais, however, does not shrink from it, with the result that his book goes off on a track of its own. Obviously he writes at white heat. His dialogue is still too grammatical in places, and the man, Pen, who lives in his house, is never sufficiently explained. But *Caged Birds* is interesting throughout, and should enjoy a bigger success than any of its predecessors.

⁂

THE first volume of *The Outline of Science* (Newnes), is now ready, and a very fine production it is. The ground covered is already enormous. Professor J. Arthur Thomson is the general editor, and the format resembles that of Wells's *Outline of History*. It is a book for the great public, but that does not mean to say that it is either superficial or merely elementary. It embraces the most careful examination of all the modern theories, set forth attractively and with a multitude of illustrations. R. S.

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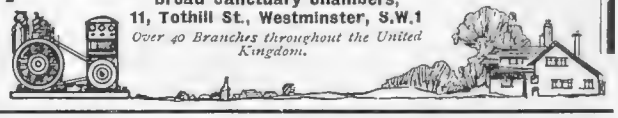

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MOTOR·NOTES

AMONG THE BEECHES

An attractive snapshot in Savernake Forest. The car is a 19·6 h.p. Crossley

How wonderfully speeds advance each year, as heralded by the victory of Felice Nazzaro on a six-cylinder 15 h.p. Fiat in the Grand Prix at a speed of 79 as against 78 miles an hour of the winner last year, which had an engine one-third larger, 3,000 cc, against 2,000 cc. of the Fiat. Really, folk who complain that the motor does not progress can have no sense of proportion, for small cars are getting the job of doing big car performances daily. Also, S. F. Edge, on the 34 h.p. rated Spyker, toured round Brooklands for a "double twelve" hours' record at seventy-four miles an hour, while his best fifteen years ago, on the 60 h.p. Napier, was about fourteen miles an hour slower. Example number three for reference is Mrs. Brenda Janson's (wife of Colonel S. Janson) performance on the 2¼ h.p. Trump Jap, which created a new record for motor-cycles, a "double twelve" hours of 1,072 miles nearly, at 44½ miles per hour and a fraction over. If that does not satisfy the grumblers that progress has been, and is always being, made in the world of wheels—well, perhaps I better not say it.

* * *

There seems about only one thing that motor-car people will not learn, and that is not to mess their cars about on the eve of a big event when they are running well. The number of times I have seen races simply chucked away through this pernicious habit of an eleventh hour overhaul is past counting. It was because Cowls, the mechanic of the Spyker, left well alone that this standard chassis did its "double twelve" hours' run of nearly 1,783 miles without the slightest trouble—925 miles in the last twelve hours at 77 m.p.h. tells this story—and the same maxim was applied to the tiny 2¼ h.p. Trump Jap that lapped the track at fifty miles an hour and over with the regularity of a clock. Both McNab and his partner, Colonel R. N. Stewart, left this little standard machine alone, and they were well rewarded by its splendid performance, the Class A twelve hours' record, 556 miles at 46 1-3rd miles per hour, as well as the newly created "double twelve."

* * *

Of course, we in England would have liked to have seen the Sunbeams win the Grand Prix, and goodness knows what the result might have been if the gears had not been lowered to make the engine "rev." faster. For that was the reason of their breakdown. Valves have their limit of being pushed up and down millions of times per hour, and when you add a bit more to that you can expect trouble. And they got it, worse luck! But one must not forget to add one's congratulations to the winner. The Fiats were splendid jobs, and well deserved their victory, as bar the crashes they would have had all the winning brackets. That, indeed, was cruel fortune to miss, and worse still that Biagio Nazzaro was killed. His uncle, Felice Nazzaro, the winner, made the fastest lap in the fifty-second circuit out of the sixty that the race consisted of to make up 499 miles. The Fiat's speed was 87¾ miles per hour for the complete lap, a record that will be hard to beat. Now I wish the Isle of Man Vauxhall cars were two-litre engine capacity in place of three-litre, as a race between these two makes would be wonderful. Fiats were far away the fastest cars in the Grand Prix, and won. Vauxhalls were certainly the fastest cars in the Isle of Man, but mechanical trouble (valves) robbed them of victory. I should like to see Algy or "Bill" Guinness handle these on the track one day, as there is no possible hope of another road race test unless cars compete in Italy. But to return to the Grand Prix, the British contribution to the success of the Fiat was K. L. G. plugs and Rudge-Whitworth wheels, while Pirelli tyres of the straight-side cord variety gave no anxiety, and were undamaged. In fact, no tyre trouble throughout the race by any competitor gives the best indication to what a state of perfection the tyre-making industry has arrived at. Nazzaro drove without a spare wheel to keep the weight of the car down, which was 1,461 lbs. as compared with Seagrave's Sunbeam of 1,513 lbs. and Gallop's Aston-Martin of 1,455 lbs., but the latter is only a 1½-litre car.

* * *

MISS MARGARET COOPER

A Torquay photograph of this talented entertainer in her new Daimler car

I am very pleased that the Knight sleeve-valve engine has at last vindicated itself in no uncertain manner as a low fuel consumer, for Rougier, on a Voisin averaging sixty seven miles an hour on a sports Voisin over the 443·7 miles of Grand Prix course, won the Touring Grand Prix, averaging 16.6 miles to the gallon, using a Solex carburetter. A four-cylinder 95 by 140 mm. engine buzzing round "all out" usually mops up the *essence*, so the performance of the three Voisins which gained the first three places was really marvellous. Also, the fourth Voisin was not far behind, as it finished fifth behind Boillot's Peugeot, which was fourth. Altogether a Voisin sleeve-valve engine triumph.

Old Hy.

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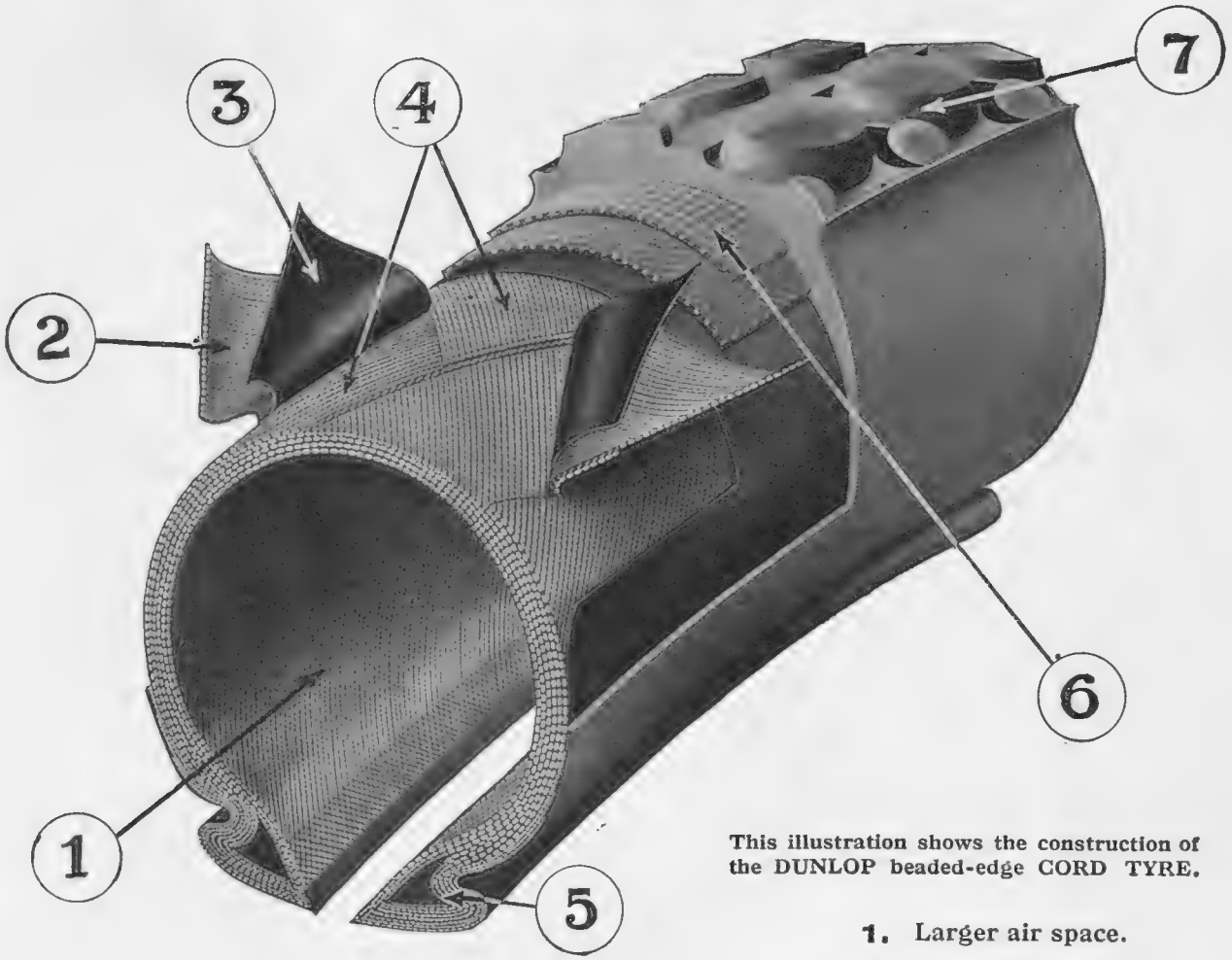

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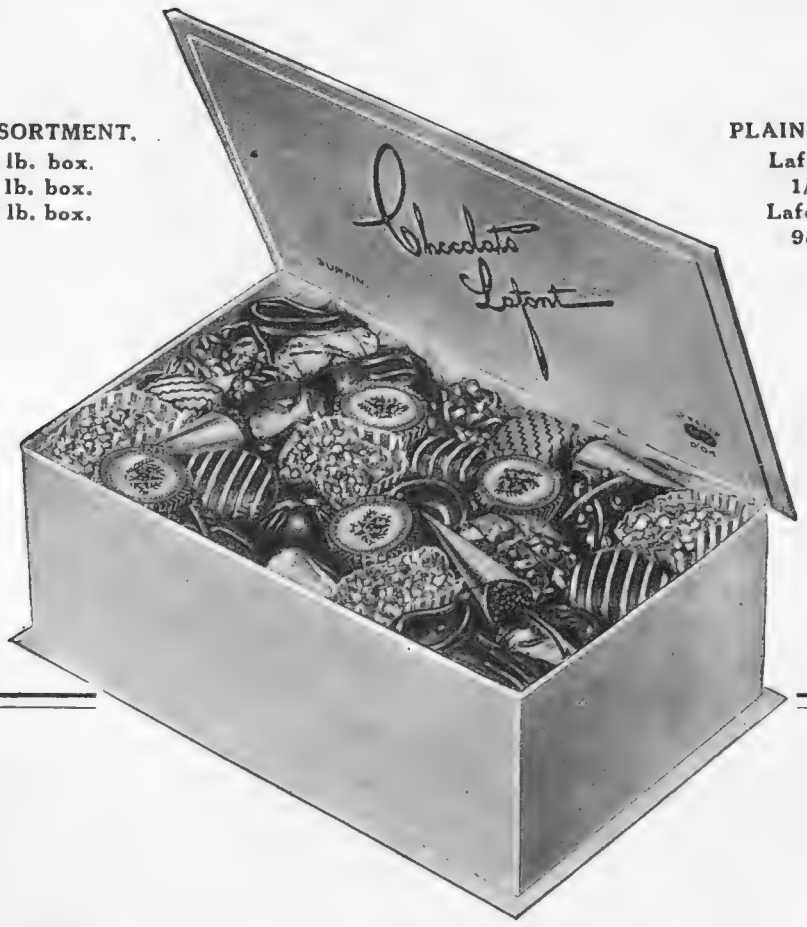

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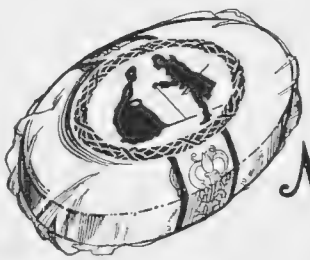

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Which beautifies the complexion, imparts a delicious sense of freshness and appeals to all appreciating

LUXURY WITH ECONOMY.

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores in two sizes—Bath or Toilet.

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.
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Eat more good toffee

Billy Boy says:

"Fancy putting 'Eat more good toffee'—as though any fellow needs that advice! "They ought to say 'Uncle, your nephew needs Mackintosh's'—or, 'Dad, take a tin home to Billy to-night.'

"Still, if Dad or Uncle sees this—well, I've been a pretty good boy lately—and a little encouragement . . . . . !"

* * * * * *

Let your youngsters have more good toffee. . . . Let them have the very best of all toffees,

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

Egg & Cream-de-Luxe **Café-de-Luxe**
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe **Mint-de-Luxe**
Cocoanut-de-Luxe **De-Luxe Assortment**
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe

Sold loose by weight at 8d. per ½-lb., and in Baby Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 1/3 each, Junior Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 2/6 each, and in 4-lb. Tins.

You can also buy Plain Toffee-de-Luxe in Sea-side Pails for the Kiddies, 1/- each, Popular Week-end Tins 2/- each, and 5/- Family Tins.

℗ J.2.

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For Breakfast and After Dinner.

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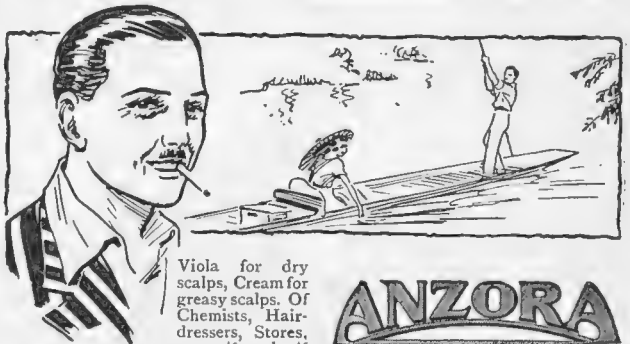

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Masters the Hair

Ideal for outdoor Sports and all occasions

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Vogue for Vandyked Effects in Lingerie

Now that *au dessous* is so extraordinarily straight and simple in line, every nerve is being strained to bring about diversity of appearance. In the matter of nighties a considerable amount of play is permissible with the top portion, this taking on all sorts of amusing guises, such as the *batteau décolletage*, butterfly bodice, a deep yoke of lace resolving into short draped sleeves that leave the top of the arm bare; but with the other garments a straight, round camisole top is *de rigueur*, upheld by narrow *bretelles*.

One very pronounced penchant there is for vandyked movements, this occurring in insertion, lace edging, and drawn thread work, also in the fashioning and trimming of petticoats and shaping of *culottes*, etc. A great deal of *dentelle* now requisitioned to *lingerie* displays this deep uneven edge, sometimes sharply pointed and at others rounded. *Motif* lace, sold by the yard, uneven at both edges, is likewise much in request, the one edge dovetailed into the material.

You see the idea in the adjoined sketch, a fagot stitch or *lingerie* beading employed to ally the two. This set, comprising *robe de nuit* and cami-knickers, is carried out in triple ninon, the most adorable of fabrics for *recherché au dessous*, pale mauve, let us say, by way of being definite, the lace a vellum-tinted *filet*, with girdle and *bretelles* of faded ashes of roses ribbon.

In the actual modelling of these garments there is nothing to alarm the veriest tyro, but, on the other hand, there is a deal of fine, delicate needlework to overcome. I am assuming, of course, that the offering is going to tempt the diligent to acquire this particularly smart, representative set at the minimum of cost. One pays, and justifiably, for exquisite needlecraft because it represents time and labour.

Then, too, there is that fascinating little *négligée* cap, quite as novel in its way, entirely composed of lace, with a graduated frill caught under the chin by a bow of ashes of roses ribbon, a wider width of the same ribbon supporting the crown.

A STRIKING TEAGOWN

This is of antique pink and silver brocade, partially veiled by an overdress of cloud-grey georgette trimmed with black Siberian goat

An Adaptable Tea or Rest Gown

The resourceful can achieve remarkably original results through the medium of short lengths of brocade and transparencies, probably picked up at the recent sales, in the cause of teagowns. The law with regard to these is so elastic, the old adage of cutting your coat according to your cloth can be worked out with astonishing realism. A teagown may be slim or flowing, as best pleases the taste of the wearer and the quantity of material at hand.

And just to point the moral of this little story there is a suggestion depicted in our second sketch. The feature, of course, is the transparent over-dress, merely an oblong piece of georgette or chiffon, with a hole cut in the centre for the head to pass through. This may be worn over any slip, but we have in our mind's eye a brocade of antique pink and silver, upheld by *diamanté bretelles*, and cloud-grey for the over-dress trimmed black Siberian goat. The way the long, loose sleeves slip up and down the arms is perfectly enchanting, and a clever wearer can be safely trusted to make picturesque play with these floating draperies.

DAINTY AU DESSOUS

Pale mauve triple ninon and faded ashes of roses ribbon make this becoming set

Revelations of a Mud Mask

For three hundred years—no fewer—the healing virtues of the natural waters and mud

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

peculiar to certain districts of the Carpathians have been well recognised and utilised, usually by a visit to the spas of the district. A great deal has been written by scientists and the medical fraternity on the efficacy of these mud baths, one of their most obvious effects being the lightening of the tone of the skin, which at the same time takes on a rejuvenated smoothness and softness, even after a first application.

But it has been reserved for the extraordinarily thorough and resourceful Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, 15, North Audley Street, W., to bring this Radio Active plasma to our doors, so to say. It is far too long a story to tell of the exhaustive tests to which this new, wholly original, and exclusive treatment, known as Kemolite, has been put: (1) To determine whether the Radio active properties could be retained intact used away from the sources of supply. (2) The best method for its application to the skin and complexion. But that the efforts made have been crowned by the most complete success, it may be said at once, and a success that promises to bring about the biggest revolution yet achieved in skin culture.

Although only of a few weeks' standing, such already is the fame of Kemolite, the establishment in North Audley Street is besieged, where a single treatment of some forty minutes suffices to render the skin two or three tones lighter in colour, and of that wondrous smoothness and softness of texture that has hitherto been the sole prerogative of youth.

A SUCCESS AT SPA

A portrait of the pretty young English dancer, Joanna Pickering, who has been giving exhibition dances at the Spa Casino with her partner, Oliver Walker. Spa is rapidly filling up for the season, as are all the Belgian and French watering-places

As a treatment, moreover, Kemolite represents the epitome of restfulness, ease, and luxury. Clients repose flat on long couches, so that every muscle may be relaxed, while deft-handed, highly trained experts work away with emollients and radio red light to force these through to the inner cells, finally applying a thin mask of this precious mud, that, after being allowed to dry, is removed by cold water.

For those who can afford it—and, believe me, it is well-spent money—a course of six treatments at £3 2*s.* 6*d.*, is the most satisfactory procedure, although jars of Kemolite, with full instructions, can be had for home use. And of a certainty, no woman, once she has seen for herself what Kemolite can do, will ever again be without it. For it is the simplest, quickest, easiest solution ever devised for dealing with sagging muscles, relaxed tissues and nerves, getting rid of acne, blotches, rashes, redness, and roughness, also freckles and sunburn. Indeed, no defect can withstand its action, the result being to restore the skin and complexion to their proper condition and colouring. And it is not merely

(Continued on page x)

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Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam
1575
The world's favourite Liqueurs for 346 Years
BOLS'
VERY OLD GIN
DRY CURAÇAO
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THE "CITY DE LUXE" is a Pipe with a Pedigree—made to MEET THE CALL FOR A REALLY RELIABLE PIPE AT A POPULAR PRICE.
One-hundred-and-one shapes await your selection. Each briar bowl is specially hardened, highly polished and fitted with a "push-in" stem that fits it minutely. The easy draught makes a cool smoke under all circumstances. Sixty years' Pipe-making experience are behind every "CITY DE LUXE" Pipe. All leading tobacconists have a selection in stock.
BE SURE AND ASK FOR THE
City de Luxe IN 101 SHAPES
made by the makers of the famous GBD
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Shape No. 700T The favourite "Bulldog" Shape, with taper mouthpiece.
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Pipes with a Pedigree
Est. 1860

Summit Soft collars Shape 99

HERE is a new Summit, Shape 99, cut on the graceful lines of Summit Stiff Collar Shape 95.

Shape 99 is made from good White Repp material—soft enough for summer comfort—stiff enough to sit nicely without a pin—equally suitable for business or leisure wear.

Half sizes from 13½" to 18½".
Worn with or without safety pin.

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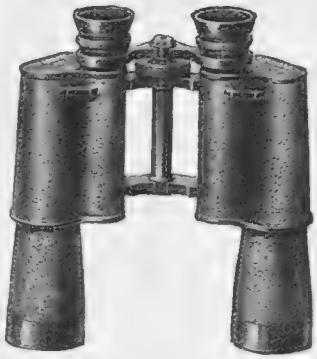

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Price, with central screw focussing, as illustration:
x 16 Magnification £16 10 0
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Including best solid leather sling case and lanyard.
Write for Illustrated Price List No. 11 B Post Free.

THE LEVISTA is indispensable where high power is the first consideration—for Big Game Shooting, Nature Study, Deer Stalking, Travelling and Exploring.
It is not intended for ordinary touring or racing, as the power is too great; glasses of lower power for these purposes are described in our catalogue

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Opticians to British & Allied Governments
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Trade Mark.
"GOVERNMENT MARK VI COMPASSES."
Less than 1/3rd of pre-war price. Size 1¾ ins. Weight 1½ ozs. Watch size, Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading.
4.6, *post free.*

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CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM
Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

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A GOLDEN SOAP

A golden in hue and golden in value bringing with it those things that are worth much fine Gold Health Cleanliness and a sense of well being

It has in it an attractiveness that makes it the particular favourite of children A Golden Soap for Golden Childhood.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

7d. Per Tablet Box of 3 Tablets 1/9.
Bath Tablets (Double Size) 1/-. Box of 3 Tablets 3/-

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

temporary and of surface character, but lasting. A small brochure relating of Kemolite can be had for the asking from the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, 15, North Audley Street.

Ribbon Lace

THIS is the very last word in *dentelles*, although that is rather a far-fetched term for what is really more a fancy trellis or lattice work. It is largely used in conjunction with *marocain* in neutral colourings or black. An example recently seen was in a deep *café au lait* shade, the long, rather slim skirt of the ribbon lace with swinging panels of *marocain*, of which the close-fitting corsage was made, and drawn into a few rough folds at the waist. Then at the back there was slung a short cape of the ribbon lace. This was an evening toilette, the sole relief supplied in *chartreuse*-green satin shoes. Black ribbon lace, as may be imagined, is unquestionably successful, and should play an important part in the coming season's *modes*.

Pears' Stall at Olympia Exhibition

That the house of Pears provides the regalia of the toilet was very cleverly insisted upon at the Woman's Exhibition at Olympia. The entire stall, surmounted by a giant replica of the Imperial arms, is a creation in gold and royal purple, and even the dainty damsels in attendance are robed to match. In the centre is a fountain throwing twenty-four jets of lavender water for all visitors to use. On one side is a six-foot orb bearing samples of Pears' Golden Series, and on the other, at the summit of a pyramid of transparent tablets, is a huge cake of soap weighing a hundred and fifty-six pounds.

"FROM EDWARD P."

The Prince of Wales's wedding present to Lord Louis Mountbatten consisted of a silver globe of the world supported by a merman or figure representative of the sea. On the globe is traced in fine enamel the outward and homeward routes of the "Renown" on both the Prince's Indian and Australian tours. This model was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

By Royal Command

By command of His Majesty the King the refreshments at the Garden-party held at Buckingham Palace on Friday, the 21st inst., were provided by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.

G.N.R. Arrangements for the "Twelfth"

In connection with the opening of the grouse-shooting season the Great Northern Railway Company are arranging for the service of trains on the East Coast route, which is the shortest from London to Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, Dundee, and Aberdeen, to be augmented as necessary to meet the expected heavy demand for accommodation. Intending passengers are advised to make early application to the Stationmaster at King's Cross Station for sleeping berths, seats, or compartments to be reserved. For those preferring to travel by daylight luncheon-car expresses will leave King's Cross at 9.50 a.m. for Edinburgh, 10 a.m. for Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, 11.20 a.m. for Edinburgh and Glasgow, and 1.20 p.m. for Edinburgh. Such passengers will find the publication entitled "On Either Side," which depicts places of interest to be seen from the train, most helpful in making the journey interesting. Copies can be obtained free at any G.N.R. office or from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station.

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Our "Allweather" Pliable Fine **FUR FELT HAT**: medium weight. Colours: Fawn, Grey, Dark Grey, Beaver, Nutria, Castor, Tabac, Nigger, Navy or Black, trimmed Ribbon to match.

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The Original Adaptable **TYROLEAN VELOUR.** Colours: Brown, Nigger, Beaver, Putty, Mole, Silver, Grey, Rust, Gold, Purple, Saxe, etc., White or Black, trimmed Ribbon to match. In various head fittings.

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PRICE **14/6**

All Millinery sent Post Free, but 1/- extra is charged towards cost of Box.

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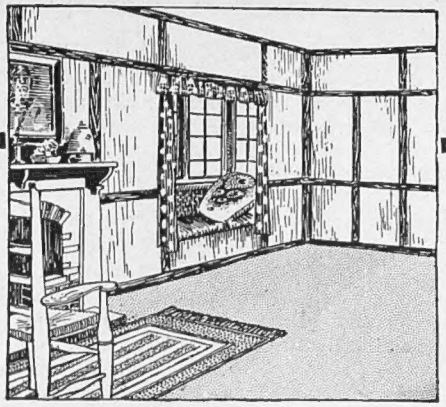

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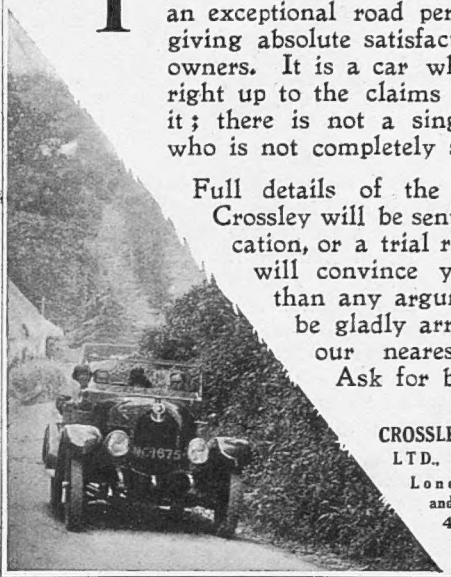

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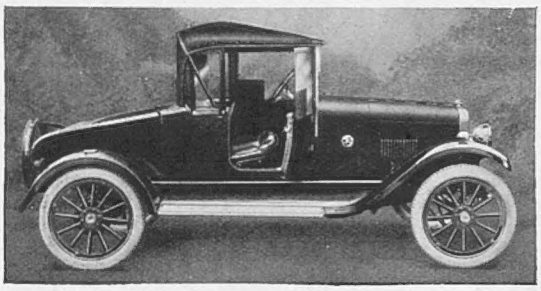

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380 Gns.

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The side curtains fit snugly all round giving complete protection.

The whole car completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres is priced at 380 Gns.

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from any Overland Agent, no matter where you live.

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THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN

1922 OVERLAND MODELS:

British Model Touring Car	395 Gns.
British Model 2-seater, with double dickey	380 Gns.
Three-quarter Landaulette	£515
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All prices ex works.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

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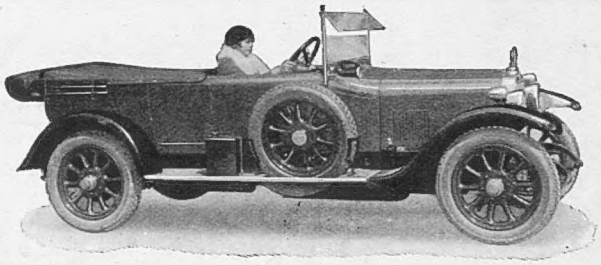

The 16/40 h.p. 4 cyl. SUNBEAM with 5-Seater touring body. **£960**

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This model is the direct outcome of those 4-cylinder cars which achieved historic success in the Grand Prix Races, in the T. T. Races in the Isle of Man, and in many other classic events.

For all-round touring use, reliability, comfort, speed and power, it is unsurpassed.

PRICE with TOURING BODY and complete equipment .. £960

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TWO SPECIAL DINNERS

I

Hors d'Œuvres (Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal)
Clear Soup
Fillets of Trout
Roast Duck and Peas
Lemon Snow Mould
Cheese Fritters
Coffee Liqueurs

II

Iced Melon or Grape Fruit
Cream of Vermicelli Soup
Eels à la Poulette
Roast Loin of Lamb
Tomatoes French Beans
Iced Venice Mould
Savoury of Chickens' Livers
Coffee Liqueurs

Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal

Cut some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber, garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Fillets of Trout

Have a good-sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce, and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce, with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

Lemon Snow Mould

Take ½ lb. of castor or granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve ½ oz. of Nelson's gelatine in half a pint of cold water gently by the fire, not allowing it to boil, and stirring it occasionally, put all into a large basin, and whisk thoroughly, it will then turn out like a thick white cream. Pour into a mould and let it set. It is better made the day before it is wanted.

Eels à la Poulette

Have the eels cleaned and skinned, let them boil with salt, pepper, and vinegar. Then cut them into three-inch pieces. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a small, finely chopped onion, stir in one tablespoonful of flour until brown, than add one cup of water, salt, pepper, one bay-leaf, some parsley and thyme. Let the sauce boil well, then add the eels, and one glass of wine. Boil ten minutes longer, thicken the sauce with the yolks of two eggs well-beaten and seasoned with lemon-juice. Dish up and serve.

Iced Venice Mould

Make about three-quarters of a pint of custard; at the bottom of a mould put a little jam and a few sweetmeats, such as preserved cherries and little strips of angelica, on these pour a little of the custard, then add some sponge cakes which have been soaked in a little wine, a little more jam, and fill up the mould with custard. Set in a cool place in the larder, and turn out next day. One of Chivers' jelly tablets can be used instead of custard if preferred.

Emilia

TREAT DIGESTIVE TROUBLES AT HOME

You may do this confident of success if you use Bisurated Magnesia as prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals. Such disorders as indigestion, dyspepsia and gastritis are due to the presence of excess acid in the stomach, and Bisurated Magnesia neutralises this harmful acid the moment it enters the stomach. Where pain is present, relief is given *instantly* and appetite is whetted, good, healthy meals eaten, and full nourishment obtained. Many thousands of people from all parts of the globe have written to say that after trying some of the most expensive preparations on the market and getting no relief, honest, inexpensive Bisurated Magnesia lifted their burdens and made life worth living. *You* should try it; any chemist can supply you; so get a 1s. 3d. package to-day and start off on the safe, short road to a good healthy digestion.

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Have you ever considered the delightful alternative rendered possible by a World Tour during the winter months?

The party undertaking the Third World Tour de Luxe accompanied by Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., the well-known traveller, will leave England on Nov. 3rd next for a period of 27 weeks. The countries visited will include Ceylon, Australia, Java, China, Japan, Canada.

Descriptive itinerary may be had from—
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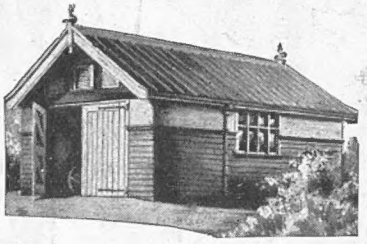

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Lx 241—84

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